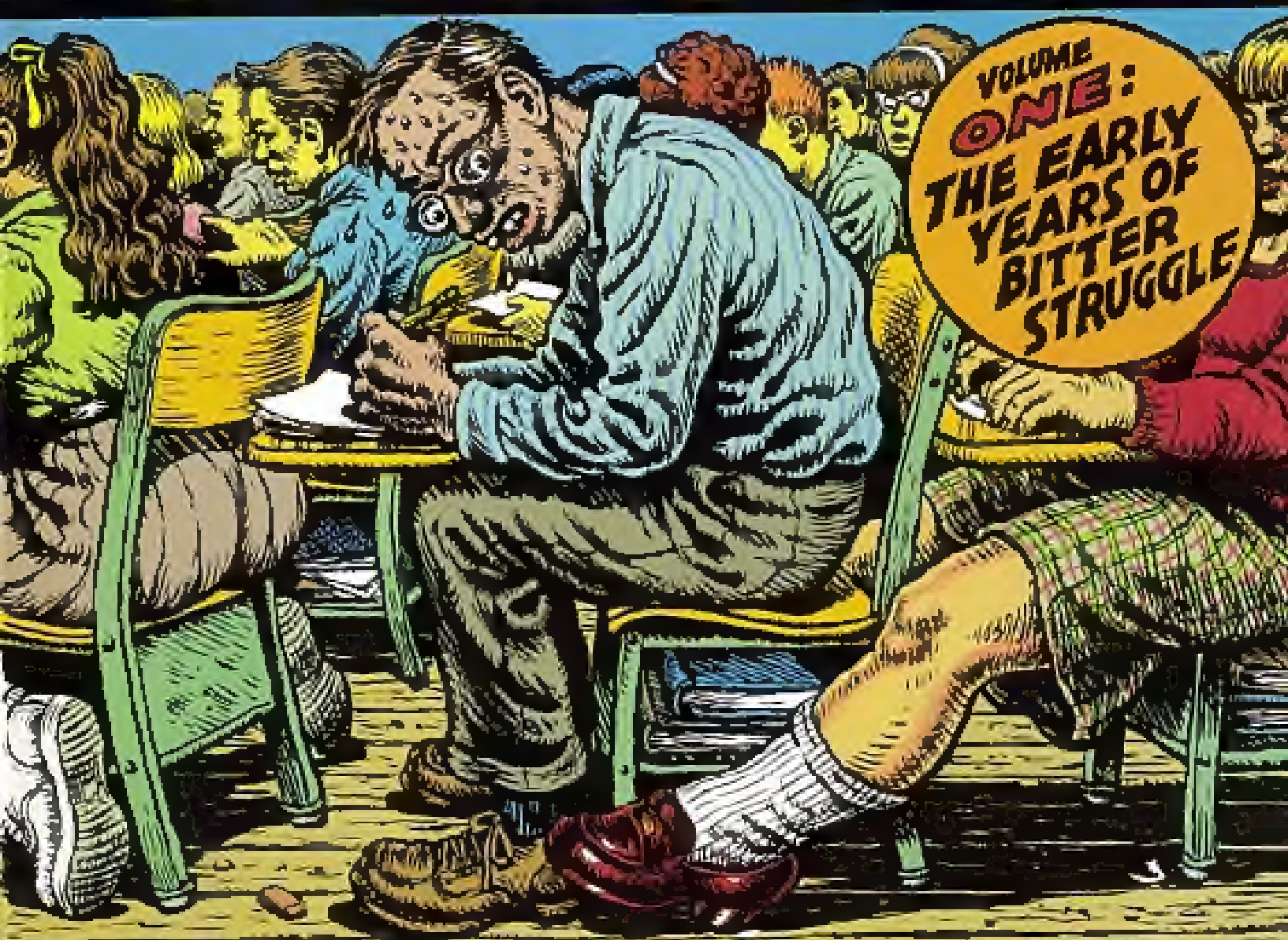


The COMPLETE CRUMB COMICS



"... Sometimes I think I'm America's answer to Leonardo da Vinci or Shakespeare. Then, when I'm in a sensible mood, it seems I'll end up doing filler illustrations for pamphlets or third-rate book covers, or sign-painting. Only time will tell... I don't think I've produced anything that has expressed what I feel to the fullest extent yet... Perhaps I never will... It's extremely difficult to express the heart and soul in physical terms. So many things get in the way..."

In fact, the high-school senior who wrote these words on February 14, 1961, went on to be compared with immortals, as well as to paint signs and do filler illustrations. And Robert Crumb's quest to "express the heart and soul in physical terms" remains as difficult a challenge for him now as on that long-ago day.

The struggle has taken some strange twists and turns, and, as he foresaw, many things got in the way. The collection of Crumb's work that begins here follows that trail exhaustively and definitely. It runs up some strange paths and a few blind alleys; but, taken all together, it traces one of the most fascinating careers in America's popular arts.

Robert Crumb was born August 30, 1943—"the bloodiest year," he says, "in the history of mankind." His Minnesota-born father, Charles V. Crumb, was on active duty with the Marine Corps. During World War II, Robert was born in his mother's home town of Philadelphia. He was the middle child; Carol was born in 1941 and Charles in 1942, and Maxon and Sandra would later complete the family.

The Crumb kids' play ran to acting out stories rather than sports or athletics. Charles Jr., a natural mimic and actor, emerged as the leader. They collected marbles, cards, spools: "I would draw faces on them and give each spool-man a face and a personality of his own... I had a regular little spool society going on for about four or five years... Charles did the same thing with blocks, making it up as we went along... This pastime dominated a large part of my childhood. Then, of course, the comics came along..."

For the Crumb kids, comics meant Walt Disney. Charles in particular was totally steeped in the Disney mythos, and at his instigation they acted out their own Disney-type movies and made their own Disney-type comic books. The model was *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*, which at that time had a circulation of two million and featured the classic Donald Duck stories of Carl Barks.

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Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 1

**THE EARLY YEARS
OF BITTER STRUGGLE**

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Flore

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

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Right Up To The Edge

by Marty Pahl

"...Sometimes I think I'm America's answer to Leonardo da Vinci or Shakespeare. Then, when I'm in a sensible mood, it seems I'll end up doing filler illustrations for pamphlets or third-rate pocket-book covers, or sign-painting. Only time will tell... I don't think I've produced anything that has expressed what I feel to the fullest extent yet... Perhaps I never will... It's extremely difficult to express the heart and soul in physical terms. So many things get in the way..."¹

In fact, the high-school senior who wrote these words on February 14, 1961, went on to be compared with immortals, as well as to paint signs and do filler illustrations. And Robert Crumb's quest to "express the heart and soul in physical terms" remains as difficult a challenge for him now as on that long-ago day.

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Charles Sr.'s English and Polish forebears were "dirt farmers...solitary people," according to Crumb, but on his mother Bea's side they were typically urban Irish and very much a part of the

West Philadelphia neighborhood scene. Charles Sr.'s assignments took the family to such places as Ames, Iowa, and Albert Lea, Minnesota, during the 1940s, but they always seemed to come back to Philadelphia, and it was the old brick streets, brownstone buildings, rattling trolley cars, and colorful characters that first impressed Crumb with the richness and flavor of America's vanishing past.

The Crumb kids' play ran to acting out stories rather than sports or athletics. Charles Jr., a natural mimic and actor, emerged as the leader. They collected marbles, cards, spools: "I would draw faces on them and give each spool-man a face and a personality of his own... I had a regular little spool society going for about four or five years... Charles did the same thing with blocks, making it up as we went along... This pastime dominated a large part of my childhood. Then, of course, the comics came along..."

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Robert's first complete comic (1950, age 7) was *Diffy in Shacktown*, using a mouse character and obviously inspired by Carl Barles. He turned out an issue of *From the Funks* every month from 1952 to 1956. For awhile, the other kids had their own books and characters: Carol did *Funny Funnies* with Campfire Clown, Maxon *Dizzy Wizzy* with Jerry the Octopus, Sandra *Black-Eyed Susan* [sic]. But none of the others had the commitment, or obsession, of Charles and Robert, and their "Animal Town Comics Club" soon lapsed.

There was plenty of inspiration on every



For the Crumb kids, comics meant Walt Disney. Charles in particular was totally steeped in the Disney mythos, and at his instigation they acted out their own Disney-type movies and made their own Disney-type comic books. The model was *Walt Disney's Comics and Stories*, which at that time had a circulation of two million and featured the classic Donald Duck stories of Carl Barles.

The "home-made comics" produced by the Crumbs were one copy, generally black and white in pencil on lined notebook paper (later on plain white typing paper), folded over to 5½" x 8",

newsstand to encourage two such budding "comic moles." Neither Crumb was interested in super-heroes, whose "Golden Age" was at any rate a thing of the past by the late 1940s. But this was truly the sparkling era for children's comics: besides *Comics and Stories*, and Barles's *Donald Duck* and *Uncle Scrooge* books, animal funnies were cranked out by the millions from virtually every comics publisher.

Charles developed an affinity for *Terry Town* (Mighty Mouse, Gandy Goose), particularly for the unintentionally bizarre characters of key Terry animator Art

¹ Unless otherwise noted, all quotes are from Crumb's letters to me, 1959-1962.

Bartsch. Robert's special favorite was Walt Kelly, whose "Pogo Possum" appeared monthly in Dell's *Animal Comics*, as well as in full-length one-shots several times a year, before starting as a newspaper strip in 1949. "I have an annual that came out in 1953 with reprints of Pogo stories in it, and an *Albert and Pogo* comic that came out in 1946. This is one of my best comics... The early issues were the best... Yes, the fact that Okefenokee is a unique little society in itself contributes a great deal to the charm of Pogo, and also the fact that this little society represents the so-called American way of life—such characters as F.I. Bridgeport, the circus man, and Deacon Mushrat are representations of American characters, of an era and its attitudes... This aspect of Pogo holds great appeal to me..."

Crumb's ultimate tribute to Kelly was his most ambitious project yet, *The Hey Diddle Book*. This was a real hardbound, blank-paged book—a convenience he uses for his sketchbooks to this day. He also inked these drawings (using a fountain pen). The format, which alternated comic strips, headings, and incidental sketches, was similar to that of Kelly's Prentice-Hall paperbacks ("Actually, we got the idea from the *Pogo* books...").

Like Kelly, the young Crumb was instinctively attracted to an older, more colorful America, one whose traces were still plentiful in the late 1940s and early 1950s, but which was rapidly being pushed down or buried under by the post-war chrome-and-gasoline Atomic Age. At some point he also discovered the earlier graphic styles: the elaborately detailed backgrounds, studied poses, and innumerable shading lines of the turn-of-the-century humor/political weeklies, such as *Life*, *Judge*, *Puck*. "God, these *Pucks* are beautiful! What I've always looked for in cartoons I found in them... The covers and centerfolds were always colored political cartoons... Some of the covers and center spreads are beautiful... Mostly by Oppen or Keppler... Charles doesn't care much for them. He thinks they are grotesque."

As the brothers' skill increased, their tastes and styles diverged. Charles' hard, confident pencil line was as clear and decisive as anything in ink. Robert's approach was softer, sketchier, more tentative, hesitant. If something didn't come right, he erased and tried over.

Then a new publication and a whole new approach, struck them both with equal force: Harvey Kurtzman's *Mad*

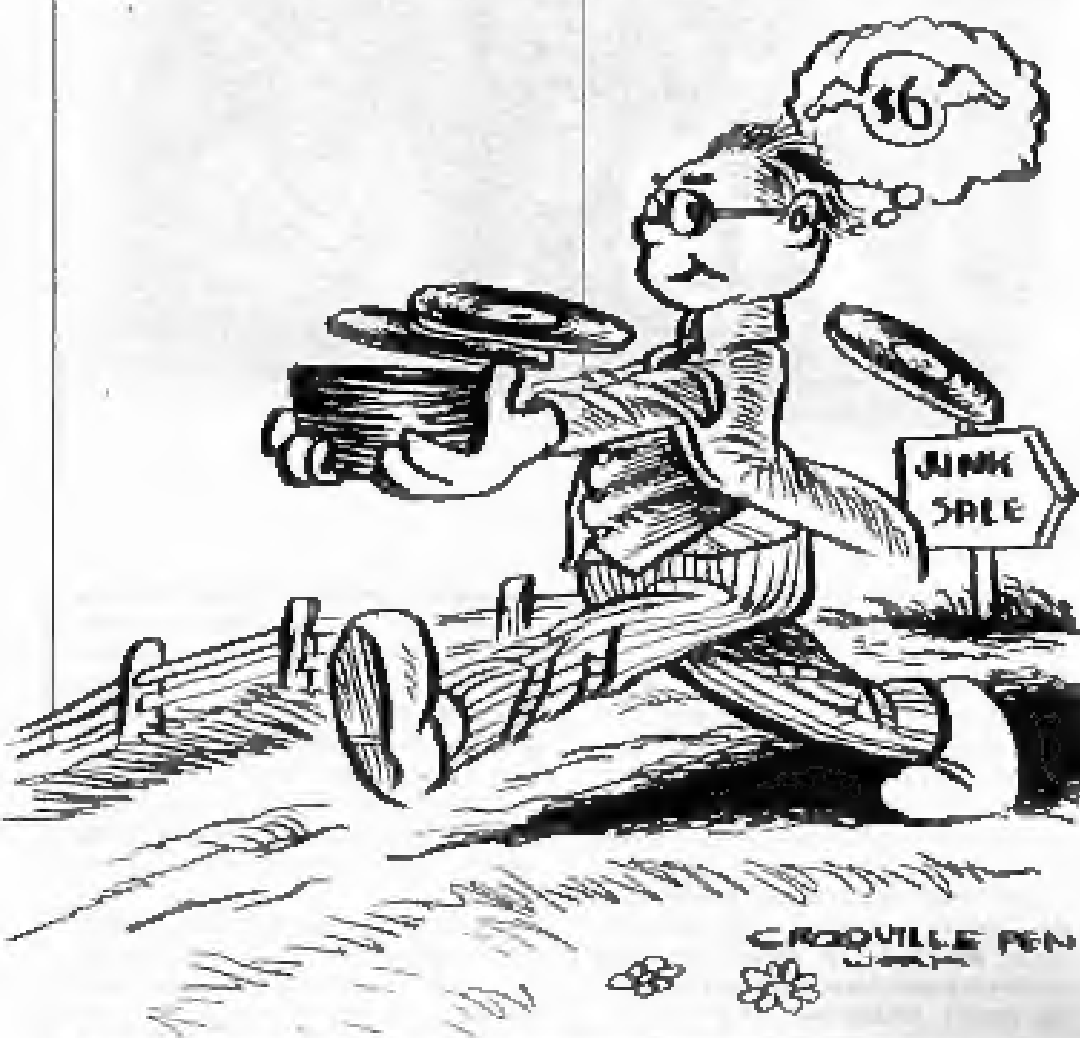
comic book. Like scores of future cartoonists all over America, the Crumbs found something fresh and liberating in the four-color parody of American movies, comics, television, commercials, and folkways, as delineated by artists Bill Elder, Jack Davis, Wally Wood, and John Severin (plus, occasionally, the outrageous Russ Wolverton). Part of it was the superb art, part was the humor—these comics were actually *funny*—but part of it had to be *Mad's* attitude. The Crumb brothers were approaching high-school age with their ingrained isolation, alienation from their family and school surroundings, and fixation on a private world of their own. *Mad's* hilarious put-down of '50s oversell and conformism was something they tuned in on at once.

For the first time, it was not enough simply to draw replications or emulations of Disney, Kelly, or Terry. Starting high school in Milford, Delaware (which Robert described as "just like Kurtzman's *Rosenville*"), the brothers decided to "go public."

By the late 1950s, Kurtzman and crew had split from Bill Gaines's EC Publications and were publishing a small, comic-book-sized, black-and-white humor magazine called *Humbug*. *Humbug* emphasized the fine-line shading and other old-timey cartooning conventions that Robert loved; with "their own *Humbug*," Robert and Charles expected to sell enough copies within the high school to make a killing (or at least to finance continuing publication on a monthly schedule). Seed money came from the brothers' 1958 summer job doing visual aids at Latex Corporation in Dover, where their father worked. Printing was done on an early-model Xerox at Latex, and the title was a catchword from Bill Holman's "Smoky Shower" comic strip: *Foo*.

Then came the let-down. "Nobody at school would buy them," Robert said. "We sold five copies." So, gathering armloads of their home-cooked satire, the Crumbs headed for the housing tracts around Milford and sold them door-to-door, telling dubious housewives that it was "a school art project." Even at 13 cents each, the clodding was rough.

Unexpected help came when the brothers and comics fandom, such as it was in 1958, discovered each other. Through intensive correspondence and occasional plugs in EC comics or *Humbug*, a few publishers of fanzines or ersatz-Kurtzman amateur satire magazines were discovering each other's existence, and trading or selling minuscule press runs of *The Complete EC Checklist* (Fred von Bemewitz), *Fraude* (Joel Moser), *Erich* (Ken Winter), *Spooft* (Doug Brown), and *Fanzine*



(myself). Soon Foo was part of this network, and the "eyebrow" and admiring letters from other *Mad*- and *Hungry*-addicts (if not the nickels and dimes) encouraged the Crumbs to go on.

Somehow they located a multilith press in a Milford garage and the owner turned out Foo #2 and #3, 300 copies of each, at \$32 per (paper free). Reproduction of #3 had been marred when their heavy pencilling buckled the light tracing paper they used, resulting in white "bubbles" in the background. Multilith, plus careful inking, improved the way #2 and #3 came out. But nothing, it seemed, could improve sales at Milford High, and nobody connected with the enterprise had a taste for the door-to-door struggle. So #3 was the final issue of Foo (I still have the unpublished covers to #4 and #5). Years later the brothers burned unused stacks of this now-rare collector's item in disgust.

What's already apparent in "Report from the Brussels World's Fair," Robert's first published story, is a motif that continues in his work to this day: The familiar bespectacled figure of R. Crumb, at the center of the things, speaking out to us from between the panel frames, interacting with characters in the story, explaining and reacting as events develop, and invariably winding up the worse for wear in the last panel. There is, however, more self-conscious "charm" in these earlier stories, both in Crumb's self-depiction and in the Kellyesque "colorful characters" who fill the backgrounds and make up the struggling mass of figures in the mob scenes.

The influence of Nacl, Daveport, Fran, Kemble, and the other artists from the early political/humor weeklies is evident, couched in the conventional anti-communism of the time, in the "Clod Award" and "Karschev Views U.S.," "My Encounter with Dracula" is a blend of the old-time approach to pen-line shading and Kertzman's own lessons in staging and storytelling. (Notice how each panel's action and background serves as a frame for the white face of the "I"-character; very sophisticated handling for a 14-year-old.)

With the failure of Foo, the brothers retreated into their self-imposed isolation, remaining in touch with individual comics fansthrough letters and sporadic contributions to *Franco*, *Erch*, *Gamer*, et alia. At the end of the 1950s, the ranks of loneliness were few, isolated, and (seemingly) shrinking; nobody foresaw the "Silver Age," the return of super-heroes, or the resurgence of interest in comics to come in the '60s, '70s, and '80s.

With prospects so gloomy for any kind of publicly-published magazine, the brothers



es began collaborating on private "two-man comics": one-copy, pencilled features, usually drawn into cardboard-backed composition books. Charles and Robert would letter dialogue balloons and draw their own characters; each of these "cues" would be answered by the other, drawing a different character and responding with dialogue that carried the situation out from there, improvising a story line as they went along. *R. Crumb Almanac* and *Arcade* were the umbrella titles for the books; "Treasure Island Days," "Animal Town," and "Chuck and Bob Comics" were among the story features.

General story lines, directions of dialogue, and bits of "business" might be discussed briefly before drawing, and backgrounds would be filled in later by whoever felt particularly ambitious. Sometimes the cross-talk dialogue "cues" stopped for awhile while Robert or Charles would split out on a more or less "solo" passage involving one or two of their characters. And covers were generally pencilled, inked, and colored by either Robert or Charles. But part of the two-man's fascination was the element of surprise; one brother spontaneously "topping" the other, pulling a fresh plot twist out of a hat and springing it with dramatic effect: "Your cue, clown!"

There were few other outlets. "The school here has found out I can draw," Robert reported in 1959, "and, like at every other school I've gone to, they've flooded me with stuff they want done. . . Bulletin board stuff, posters, paintings, drawings. . . After this goes on for awhile, they start thinking you're a drawing machine, and can turn out stuff like a printing press turns out newspapers or stamps! . . A thankless job, 'tis, but good experience."

High school was a daily agony for Robert; boredom coupled with social and sexual frustration. He had no discipline for or interest in academic studies that the grownups thought were so important, skidding along with a "C" average. And the gap between his four-eyed, skinny, uncoordinated, hypersensitive presence and the typical teen-ager of the American Bandstand era seemed unbridgeable.

"I don't know where the teenagers get the idea that they are rebels. . . I often wonder if many teenagers today stop and look around and ask themselves why [they] are doing certain things, asking what makes them act the way they do. . . Don't they want to be individuals? I don't know how it will affect the future of the country. . ."

Easy to spot just below the surface was intense, barely-concealed sexual need, jealousy, and rage: "... the teenage kid is really reaching extremes. . . Songs like 'Teen Angel' (brother), the magazines going completely sick over Fabian, Frankie Avalon, and the rest of those puppets. . . I have a deep and sincere love for Fabian," says this girl in *Sireen* magazine. "Would he ever date anyone who was not world-famous and who he never heard of? It's so stupid it's funny."

Thinking about girls only led Crumb into endless cycles of futility. He tried to sublimate his feelings: "... I've never gotten close enough to any girl to judge what kind of a relationship I want. Sometimes I think it is better to love them in your heart. It is sweeter, purer that way. Getting involved drags in social obligations, conflicts in personality, and such. I think I am learning to love from a distance and be satisfied with it, in fact, better off without it. . ."

But, really, Robert was fooling no one with this line, least of all himself. He and

Charles thrashed out their problems and frustrations in endless philosophical, even mystical, discussions. This ultimately led to a break with their Catholic past:

"Charles and I have dropped out of the Church. . . . Tsk, tsk. . . 'Tis a shame, 'tis a shame. . . . We used to be such devout Catholics too! But, the time has finally come when we've decided to break off the binds of tradition and dogma. I'm kind of inclined to feel guilty about it, but I realize it's because all my life it's been drummed into me that to fall away from the 'true' Church is to go corrupt and become sinful. . . ."

Not only the guilt, but the whole accented, rose-windowed mystique of Catholicism clung to Crumb even as he sought to escape it, and its aura still clings like a residue to much of his work. "... My memories of the Church are pervaded with the gloom and solemnity of it. . . . I had a kind of fear for all the priests and nuns when I was a kid. . . . They were so pious, so solemn, sometimes almost not human.

"I went to a Catholic school in first grade that was extremely gloomy. . . . It was in Philadelphia. . . . One of those typical old, dark, big-city schools. . . . All the nuns were mean. . . . We had to wear starched white shirts and ties every day. . . . The first grade had its mass down in the basement, with only wooden boards for pews—my knees always killed me after mass. . . . I was always afraid some nun was going to pounce on me and beat me to death.

"Later on, when I started to become aware of all their traditions and ceremonies, I was depressed, but yet fascinated, by the medieval atmosphere about it all. . . . The songs, the great organ music, the old statues, the designs on the robes of the priests, the processions, the incense, the chums at high mass. . . ." Much of the compulsiveness, paranoia, and claustrophobic atmosphere of Crumb's most obsessed work comes straight from this early and traumatic exposure to the Catholic Church.

Religious paranoia wasn't the only breed of paranoia around. The '50s seem to have been some kind of American high-water mark for a certain haunted political desperation; and Crumb, antennae ever-sensitive, picked up on this too!

"Everybody around this town is running around like a chicken with its head cut off predicting the all-out war that seems to be in the near future, and how millions will die and we'd better wake up and the terrible communists and the 'yellow horsemen' are going to kill all the women, old people, and children, and make slaves of the rest, or that civilization will be wiped out. . . ."

With input like this, the content of *Almanac* and *Arcade* gradually changed from the light-hearted animal antics of earlier years to stories that flashed very mixed signals: one foot still in the Disney/Kelly camp and the other pointing towards what we now recognize as "true Crumb."

"Treasure Island Days" is a prime example of the direction the two-mans were heading. Originally, this feature stemmed from Charles' fascination with the 1950 Disney live-action movie version of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, particularly with Robert Newton's performance as Long John Silver. During the Crumb kids' play-acting sessions in Occanaisie, California, Charles would improvise a three-cornered hat, strap up his leg in fair imitation of Newton's fake peg, and don an old coat of his mother's to lead the others along the sand for buried-treasure routines.

The Crumbs began by embellishing on the movie's established characters (particularly on Silver) for their stories. The squirrel, the doctor, Jim, George Merry gradually became typical products of the brothers' skewed imaginations, with all the digressions, zippers, mugging, confusions, clicqueries, and mendacities of their animal creations. Then Robert added a character to the "Treasure Island Days" gang who was 100 percent pure Crumb.

Mabel, sometime prostitute, barmaid at Miss Parity's inn, and little Jim Hawkins' delight and torment, has to take pride of place as the first "R. Crumb girl." As time went on, Robert grew less and less interested in the pirate aspect of the strip and more and more interested in concentrating on Mabel's attributes. The stories became "... Jim and Mabel, modern-day. . . . The format is now this: Miss Parity is busy in the kitchen. . . . Jim sees the image of his dead mother, who died when Jim was only four or five, in Mabel.

"Jim goes to a Catholic school called St. Christopher's. . . . His main childhood friends are Elizabeth Strong, the daughter of a wealthy businessman, and Jeffery Malcolm, who comes from a lower-middle-class family. Elizabeth is in love with Jim, much to Jim's bewilderment. . . . So far my comic stories about these characters have been rather ineffective, but, like I say, if I stick at it, I think it will improve." The sketchbook drawings of Mabel are evidence that he did stick at it, and seems to have gotten a lot of pleasure out of the practice. Frequently Charles would pick up the completed *Arcade* and pencil in a further drawing of Jim Hawkins cavorting over, under, or around Mabel's beloved bulk.

About the time the Crumb family

moved to Dover, Delaware, in 1959, another familiar denizen of the R. Crumb constellation makes his first appearance—under another name. "Cat Life" was a "realistic" treatment of the comings and goings of the family's and neighbors' troops of cats; part of its rationale was to entertain (and also tease) Sandra. Robert based the story around Fred, but as the character evolved, began walking upright, and assumed his perennial cow-man stance, the name of another cat, Fritz, stuck to him.

In "Animal Town (March 22 to April 3, 1960)," Fritz is still a long way from being "X-rated and animated," but he's already a match for the bucolic likes of Charles's Fuzzy ("Harry") ("One hundred bucks or th' sheriff!") and Fran. Their encounter moves much like a Laurel and Hardy short, with plenty of slow far takes, double-takes, and double-cross, and a formidable no-nonsense Missus in the offing.

Midway the story switches to an adventure plot, with Fritz completely hummed in by Blacky Crow and Charles's other evil characters. The robot army, activated by a button you carry around in your pocket and programmed to tip enemies into small pieces, is a typical Charles touch—particularly when the perpetrator of mayhem winds up the victim through his own brutal stupidity.

"Cat Life," which is all by Robert, also changes in tone halfway through, leaving high-jinks to present a wild and threatening landscape when the sun goes down: "Now's the time when us cats lose our sense, human-trained ways and go into our own cat world, which humans aren't a part of! Snicker!" This same air of staring out innocently on an adventure, falling into a threatening background, and finally running in panic from the uncontrollable forces let loose is a constant in Crumb's later, longer Fritz stories, right up to the famous moment when he's offed with the ice-pick.

Toward the end of the brothers' two-man collaboration on animal comics, inspiration began wearing a bit thin. "Robin Hood" looks like it was conceived hopefully as a grand production number. Fritz as Errol Flynn as Robin Hood suggests endless possibilities for satire, pratfalls, and adventure on many levels. But the story goes nowhere and falls apart after relatively few pages. Note how Charles begins by doing the cues for his characters Fuzzy the Bunny, Blacky Crow, and Nero the Pig, but, by the last page of the story, he has lost interest and given up, leaving Robert to draw Charles's characters and dialogue as well. Robert's name is the only one signed to the splash panel, although this is a true two-man.

"Me and Charles cooperated?" wrote Robert on April 4, 1968

(Wotta carry phooey, now that I think of it!) We're always revolving never to make another one, but we always do. They're enjoyable and do us both a lot of good in creating schemes and situations, though now we're getting rather technical about

Shortly afterward, Charles completely lost interest in drawing comics. It's interesting to speculate, based on the Crumb Brothers two-man and other surviving artwork, what kind of work Charles Crumb would have made as cartooning had he been determined to continue.

By the end of 1960, Robert, too, was beginning to find the two-mans and surreal stories too confining in format and subject matter to express his pent-up feelings about what he was seeing and experiencing. "... I think it's impossible to portray reality in a comic strip. I don't think it's ever been done. ... All the great strips have been either satire or parody. I can think of no really outstanding strip which has dealt with real life. ... Can you?"

...r's, I guess, in a symbolic sort of comic-dramas, with the emphasis away from continuing characters and toward an "everyman/everywoman" approach. And in the 1940s moved from the back pages of New York's *Village Voice* to a syndicated spot in some more sophisticated Sunday newspapers, with a series of paper-back reprints (similar to the *Avon* books) was enjoying a vogue. Crumb's new series of "involved" one-pagers in *Arcade* ("Comic Strip," "Three Little Boys," "The Admirer," "On Movie Mags," "The Art Museum," etc.) seeks to use the directness of the Feiffer format while making no attempt to reproduce a sophisticated urban flavor.

More than ever before, Crumb is trying to drop distracting if fascinating personal elements (Kafkaesque "colorful" characters, "slapstick, elaborate Fritz-style

theme is almost invariably the sensitive young man against a callous, misunder-

tims of Hollywood and Madison Avenue, guzzling Cokes and wearing their Capri pants over Fabian, not noticing that Mr. Sensitive even exists. Guys are Big Bools, Bastards, period.

Crumb quickly saw the limitations of this format as well as its strengths. "... I still intend to keep working with the animal characters. ... I can express some-

thing with them that is different from what I put into my work about humans. ... I can

to do than people. With people I try more for realism, which is probably why

"Jim and Mabel" in particular led to a new subject, one that would eventually become a cornerstone of Crumb's world-wide recognition. "Some of the comics that Charles and I did had sex talk in them.

Would you call this stuff of ours pornography or 'frankly but healthily erotic'?"

Such things as Jim and Elizabeth talking about sex, Miss Purty telling Jim about the facts of life, Jim asking Mabel to have sexual intercourse with him. It's part of life, ain't it? I mean people talking about sex. ... Little kids being curious about it and a

"To tell you the truth I'm rather modest myself. ... I know it's foolish, but I think

up the facts of life from us kids. When ever anybody said anything about sex,

of life from a kid in school. My mother is no longer that way, but to this day I have never heard my father say one word about

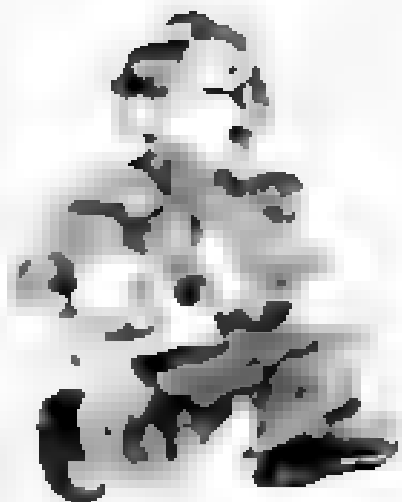
In his loneliness and depression Crumb questioned his own motive for devoting thousands upon thousands of hours to drawing, and found it wanting. "This greatness complex of mine. It is a foolish chase after the wind and dislike it intensely, and am trying to rid myself of it. It stands in the way of peace and contentment and makes a man a slave. Really, I feel that my work is but a feeble expression of something that in itself is vague and doubtful. ... I realize that I'm fairly good at drawing, but you see that's only because I've done so much of it, and it seems sometimes that the only reason I have stuck at it so diligently is because I have to sort of get even with society for not accepting me. Subconsciously I want to make myself immortal among men, leave my mark on the earth to compensate for social inadequacy. So I draw."

The world outside the comfortable but narrow confines of the Crumbs' tract

an object of curiosity. Someday—soon—I would have to be faced, on its own grim terms. The Crumbs discussed endlessly

been considering retreating from this complicated and tangled-up world and becoming vagabonds, traveling around the

to find for oneself. Get a job in a town



and have enough money to get by on while traveling. Stopping in small towns and staying there for awhile, you'd meet all kinds of people. ... We could put on a personality, being jovial and friendly.

And without the smooth me, or talent brothers' dream of going "on the road" is like Kerensky or Buddha soon evaporated.

We're both still for it, but no money, or hardly any. And my mother. She is dead set against us. ... Then again my father, being what he is, is all for it. My mother would like to keep us at home for

in fact I would be very willing to do just that—but, for one thing, I want to taste life for my own enrichment. I know of many an artist or writer who gained much from bumming it for awhile. ... Going on the road might also help me to find myself and get rid of this damn accursed confu- and frustration.

In spite of his doubts and fears, in June of 1949 Crumb had managed to screw up his courage and venture via Greyhound to New York City for a visit with a real practicing cartoonist, Stan Lynde, whose polished daily-and-Sunday Western strip "Rick O'Shay" had, like Robert's work, one foot in illustration, one foot in old-timey slapstick.

"It was really interesting, seeing Stan's studio and watching him work. ... Gosh, he sure takes a lot of time with his work.

goes so very slowly. Taking pains with every detail. It's amazing! Putting out a comic strip is much more com-

says he usually works about ten hours a day. ... He says he sometimes envies the people who just go to work from 9 to 5 every day for 5 days a week.

After my first visit to the Crumbs in Midford in summer 1959, we talked about launching a new magazine, sort of a super-combined *Raw* and *Pinhead*. But, by October 23 Robert was writing, "About the

magazine. It seems Charles has lost enthusiasm and is backing down, which means that he won't be doing any work in it, and won't be putting in any of the cost. Me, not being able to work now cuz of school. Looks like we'll have to meet our doom.

Besides a handful of fanzine contributions and work for *The Ecotom*, Dover High's school paper, Robert's next attempt

humor magazine at my own school, Kent (Ohio) State University. There was much through-the-mail discussion, and Robert sent four or five generic satire pages; these contributions were joined by those of myself and other Kent locals, and then the editor of the never-published *Obese Real* hopped off for parts unknown. Neither he nor the pages were ever seen on campus again.

"I really wish I could print another mag. Everybody in fandom is all for it. And it is very valuable experience and keeps life from getting too dull and inactive. I know I should be going into all kinds of ambitious adventures and enterprises. I only wish I had the tentative and aggressiveness it takes. I'm a day-dreamer instead of a doer. 'N I wish I was both! I'm afraid of hard work and people. - That's my trouble.

Alone at school, with no friends, and now somewhat distant from Charles, Robert was slipping into a period of drift: he didn't feel in control of his life. Only with a pencil in his left hand and a blank paper in the other could he find a satisfactory reality—one of his own creat—

proached, the thought of finding his own place in the world puzzled and frightened him. "I'm not quite sure about my own future. I'm even a little baffled. There are so many indefinite things. Like the future of the cartoon industry, what the public will like, what I can do best myself.

All this makes the future seem rather hazy. Which is best? Comic strips? Magazines? Not comic books, unless there's a great reawakening! Possibly the animation field. Hm-mm. Yik."

Crumble became increasingly critical of his own work in *Arcaide*. "I've got a long way to go yet before I perfect the female face, and figure too. The usual dumb drawings of Mabel and Jim throughout the book and a couple of comic strips show them. The little character with the hair pointed in the middle is supposed to be the

actual experiences of my own, with emphasis on the loveable side of my

ally it was because I got sort of stuck. It was getting to complicated. In my

handle. I decided to wait a couple years before trying to put so much into a story. All the plans I had thought of and tried

than I can handle right now. Too hard, much too hard to express."

He even began doubting the medium of comics itself. "Yes, I'm trying to put into my work the everyday human realities

It's an extremely difficult thing to do in the comic strip medium. There are so many delicate little things that, when I try to express them in comic strip form, come out awkward. A lot of things, it seems, can only be gotten across when you write them down, explain them out with words. Charles and I have had a few debates as to whether you can express reality to its fullest in the comic strip. He says it can't be done. I say I'm going to try it. So far, I haven't really gotten it stuck reality, the bottom of life (as I see it) in my work. I ought end up giving it up and going over to writing alone. If it doesn't seem to be doing any good to try to do it in comic strips, then then, who knows, I might succeed?

With Robert's high-school graduation ting around the house in Dover with, it seemed to C.V. Sr., nothing particular to do and all day to do it in. He began to make threatening noises about "getting either Robert or Charles was prepared to do. Their mother backed them up, and the battle lines were drawn.

"The family situation has gotten pretty bad around here," Robert wrote on April 10, 1962. "I have often been tempted to end my life, but I can't find any means which are quick and painless enough. I got out of this miserable sterile place, but the rest of the world is just as bad. There is no happy land. The whole world is a jungle. You can't get away from it.

"My parents have been at each other's throats constantly for the past month or so.

Can you blame me for feeling depressed about life? I don't wear a bed of roses, but even so:

I suggested he visit me and my family in Ohio. We tried desperately to cheer up the strange, morose, solitary teen-ager who drew such wretched things in the little notebooks he always carried with him. Robert and I stayed up all night with

(a mutual passion). We explored the Kent area (including the old record stores) on took to Robert right away, joined the cam

paign to drive off his melancholia.

But nothing worked. When the visit was

station canopy, holding a paneled trunk (laid with 75 records (clothes could be mailed later), his expression was just as woe-begone as it had been the day he arrived.

Nor was there any relief back in Delaware. "When they start arguing," he com

ago, things got so bad that I stuck some clothes in a bag and hitchhiked to Philadelphia. I stayed with my uncle for a few days, which was almost as depressing as being at home. Then my mother found out where I was and came up and dragged me back.

The whole situation was intensely depressing. A lot of times I almost broke down in tears thinking about it all. If you haven't got the inner toughness that it takes to survive, you might as well have yourself committed or do away with your life."

Robert reached his absolute nadir "one day shortly after I came back from my trip to Ohio. Things were looking terribly bleak and I was more miserable than I'd ever been before in my life. I can't tell you

I thought to myself, 'I can't go on living with this terrible feeling inside of me.'

"So I went out walking and came to this

an ideal place to commit suicide. The pond was about twelve feet deep and filled with water. Drowning is quick and comparatively painless. I stood by the pool for about half an hour, trying to get up the courage to jump in.

But deep down I knew I could never do it. I found that even with his misery and frustration, life was precious to me.

"Complete oblivion! The thought of it makes everything in life seem good and dear, even suffering.

It's hell to go and see other people of living, and loving, and enjoying life, and not to be able to do it yourself. And all because you're stuck in a place where — one, not a soul, can accept you and make you feel a part of life. Instead, you have to be a recluse.

I want to live. I want variety. I want

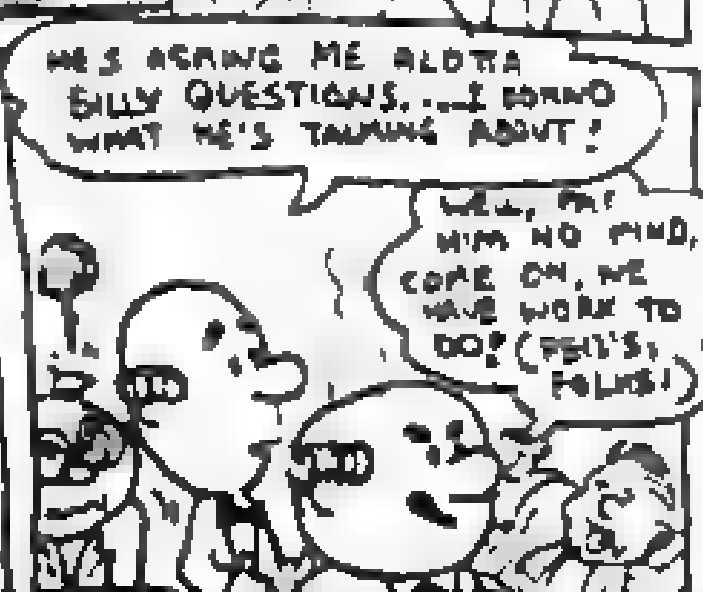
know how horrible it is to want these things desperately and to not have them even a little bit.

swimming pool and went out, struggling through his depression. But it's an experience he never forgot and, in some ways, through his art, he is still standing here on the edge, staring into that pool.

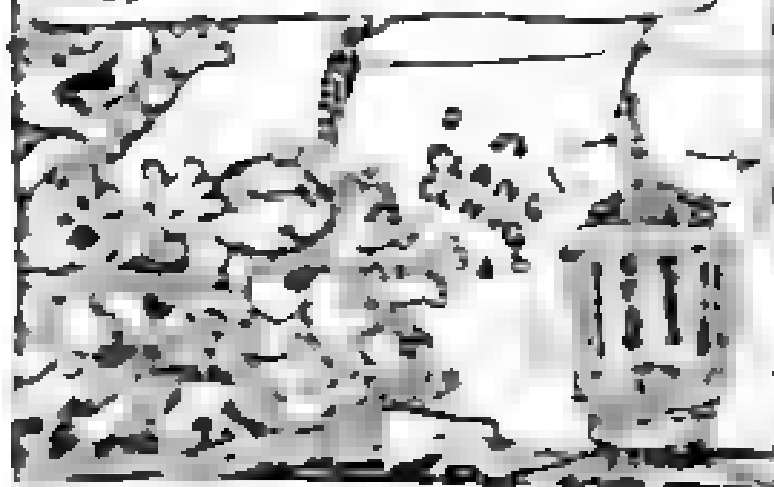
CURRENT EVENTS DEPT:--AND NOW FOO TAKES YOU TO BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, FOR A REPORT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR. BY R. CRUMB WHO WAS SENT TO BELGIUM BY WAY OF A RUBBER INNEERTUBE, FOO CAN'T AFFORD ANY EXPENSIVE PLANE OR BOAT TICKETS, ANYWAY, ON WITH IT!...

REPORT FROM THE BRUSSELS WORLD'S FAIR!

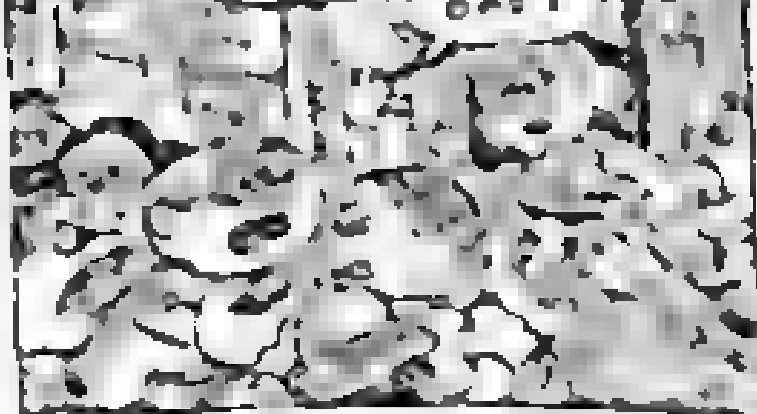




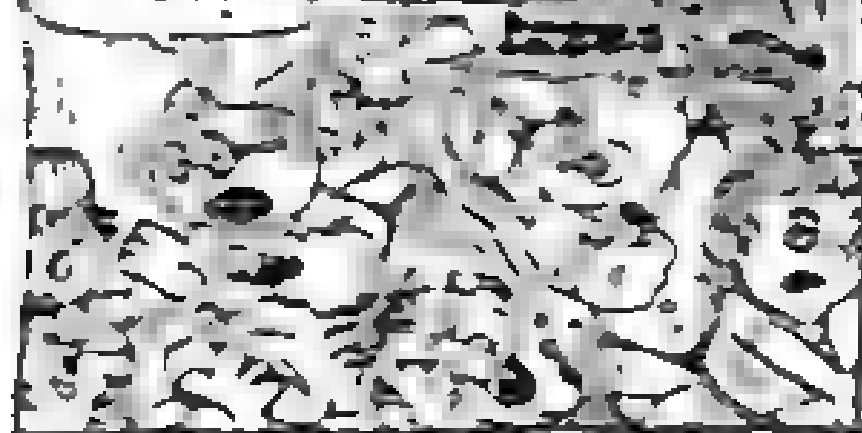
WELL, I WOULD BE INTERESTED.
BUT COME THE STREET CAR THAT
TAKES US TO THE WORLD'S FAIR!



EVERYBODY IS STARTING TO
BOARD THE ST— (JOLT!)... TH—
THERE'S A BIG CROWD HERE,
SOME— (MORE LIKE A
MOB!)... AN
ONE!



SOME PEOPLE ARE TRYING TO
TO GET ON THE STREET CAR
AS THE CAR STARTS TO
GO— A STRANGE
VISION!

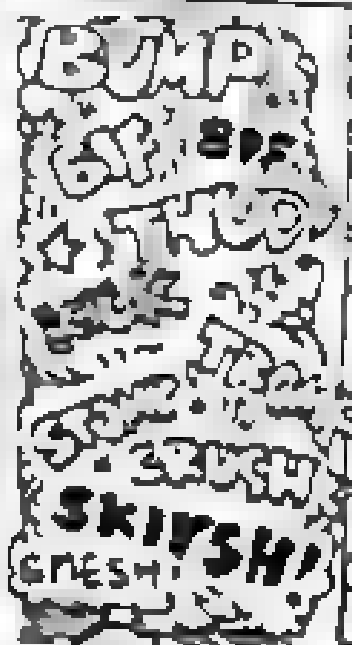
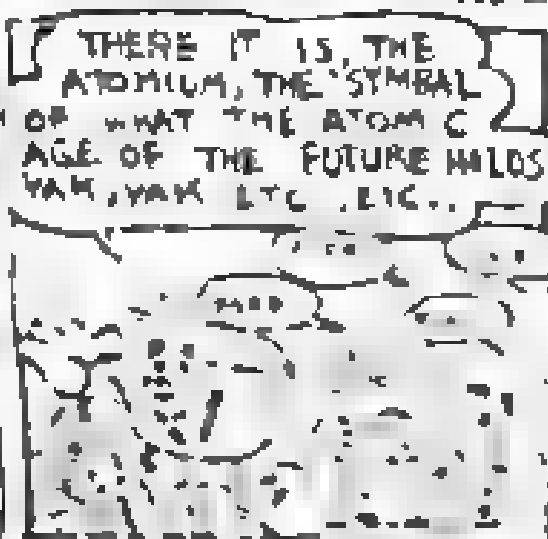
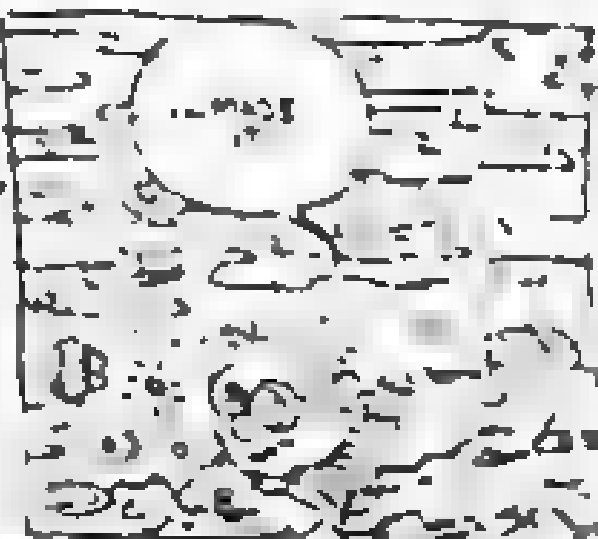
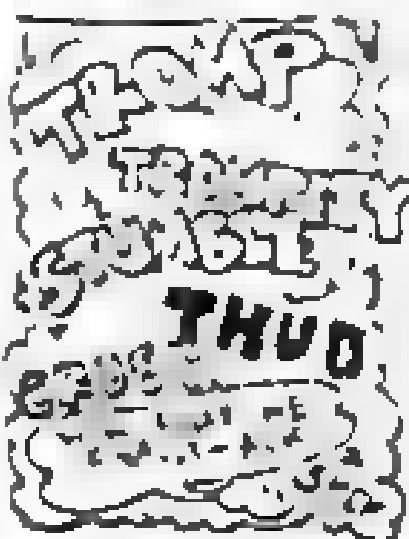


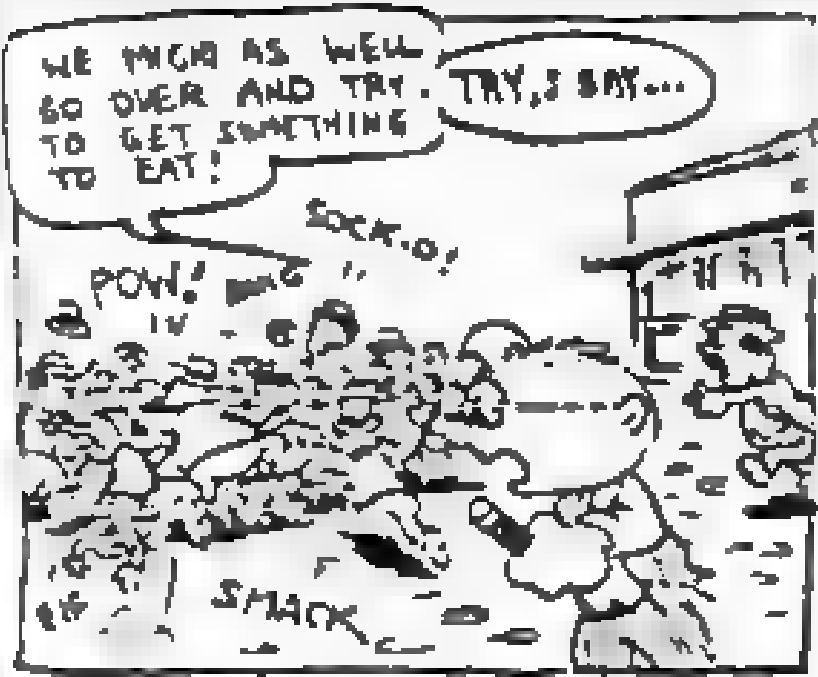
PEOPLE ARE QUITE ANXIOUS
TO SEE THE FAIR, BUT
THIS SITUATION IS BEYOND
CONTROL!



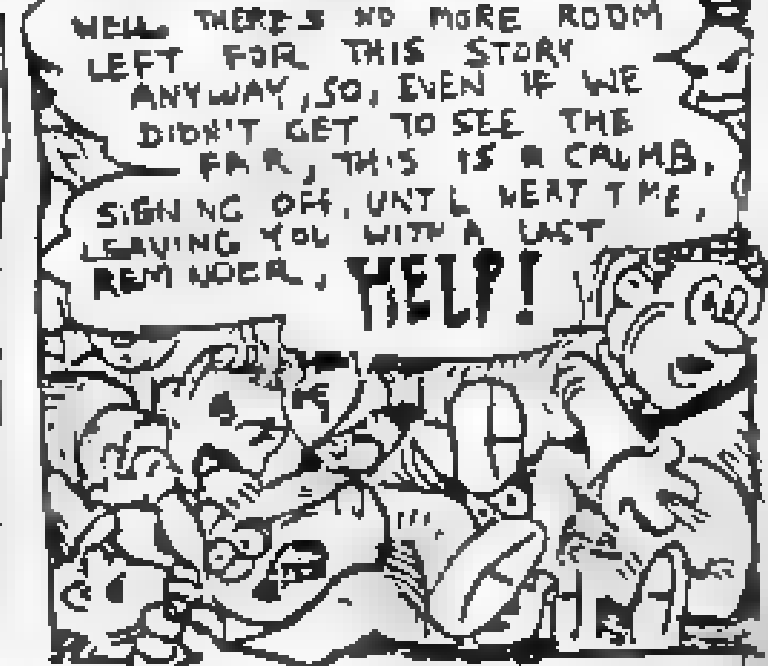
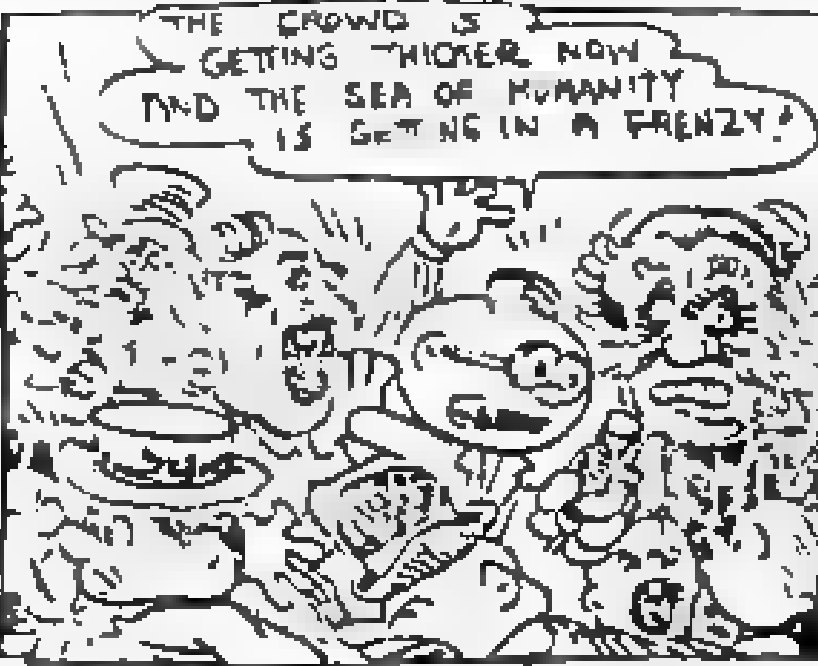
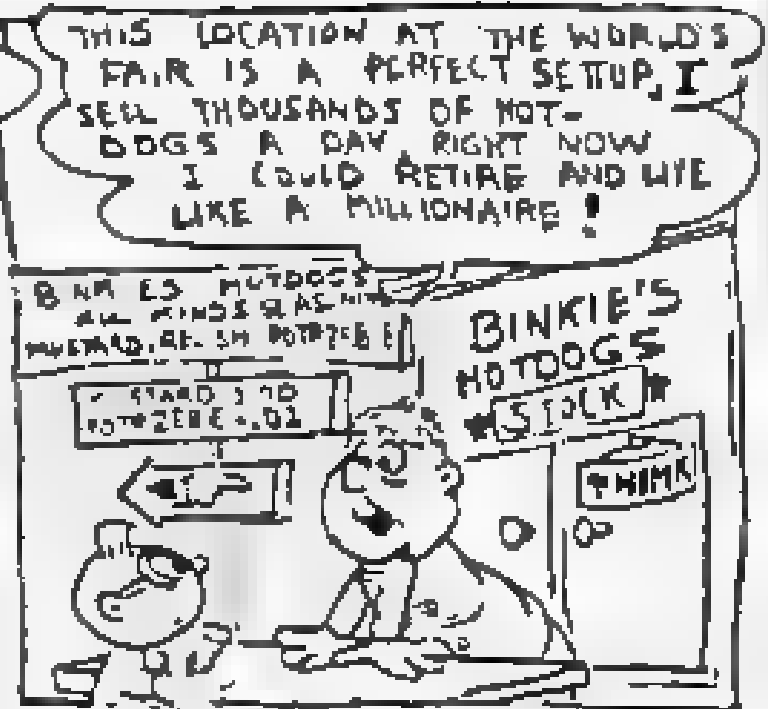
GOOD LORD! THE PUSHING CROWD HAS NOW CRASHED DOWN
ON THE STREET CAR TO MAKE IT FALL OVER!











THE END

HARRISON LEFT : AS THE STAFF OF "TOP" WAS SEARCHING THROUGH ALL OLD DELETED HOUSE THE OTHER DAY, LOOKING FOR OLD MAGAZINES TO COPY THEM OUT OF, WE CAME ACROSS AN ANCIENT OLD DIARY, DATED 1889, AND THE OWNER'S NAME WAS O.O.S. HARRISON! AS WE READ THE DIARY, WE FOUND OUT THIS BOY HAD IT HIMSELF! SO NOW WE'RE TELLING YOU HIS TROUBLES IN THIS STORY...

MY ENCOUNTER WITH DRACULA!

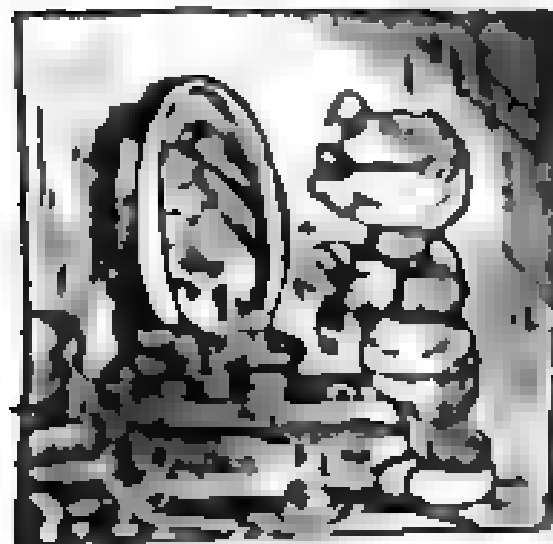


THE CASTLE OF COUNT DRACULA

MY SPIRITS WERE HIGH THAT FATEFUL NIGHT, IT WAS MY NIGHT OFF, AND I HAD BEEN DRIVEN TO MRS. HORTENSE PUMPKIN'S BALL!

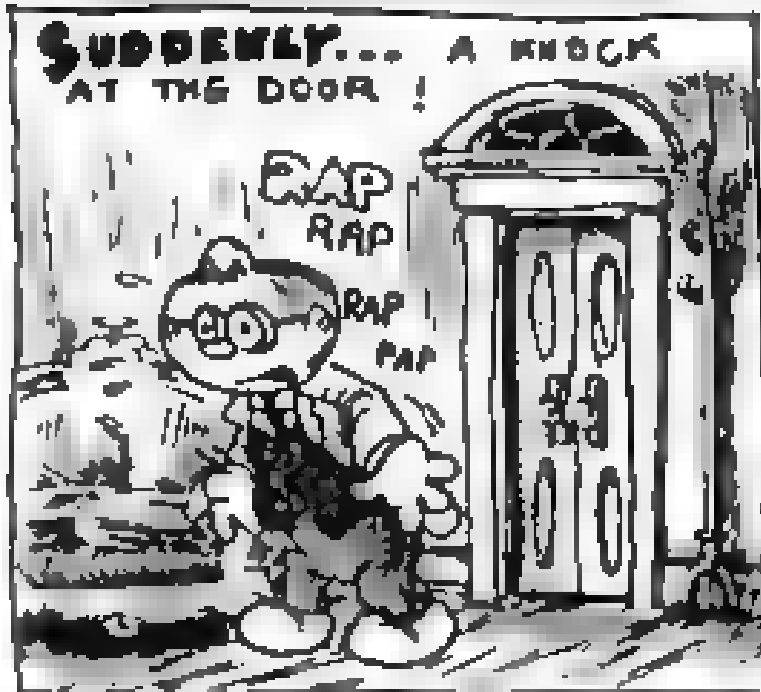
AND NOT ONLY THAT, THERE WAS A CERTAIN GIRL THAT A FRIEND HAD TOLD ME ABOUT AND I WAS GOING TO MEET HER AT THE BALL.

I INTENDED THAT TONIGHT I WOULD LOOK MY VERY BEST!



*FOOTNOTE : HARRISON WAS A BRAIN SURGEON. THE INITIALS O.O.S. STAND FOR "OOPS!"

**SUDDENLY... A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR !**



**I WAS FROZEN COLD!
CAUTIOUSLY I APPROACHED
THE DOOR....**



**QUICKLY I SWUNG OPEN THE DOOR...
AND PEPERED OUT INTO THE DARK...
... THERE ... WAS ... NO ONE ... THERE**



**NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT MY
FRIEND BENTLY FLOYD, WHOM
I WAS GOING TO THE BALL WITH.
BENTLY AND I HAD BEEN LONG
TIME CLOSE COMPANIONS.**



**THE COACH HAD ARRIVED TO CARRY
US ROYALLY TO THE BALL, THIS
BALL WAS ONE OF THE EXCLUSIVE
EVENTS OF THE SEASON ..**



**ACTUALLY, ME AND BENTLY
WERE LUCKY TO BE INVITED, A
HIGH CLASS FRIEND GOT US THE
INVITATIONS**



SUDDENLY I WAS FILLED WITH
FEAR AND DROVE INTO A PANIC.
THE ONLY THING I COULD THINK
OF WAS TO BRIDGE THE RIVER.



AND TOPPLED OVER INTO
A DITCH!

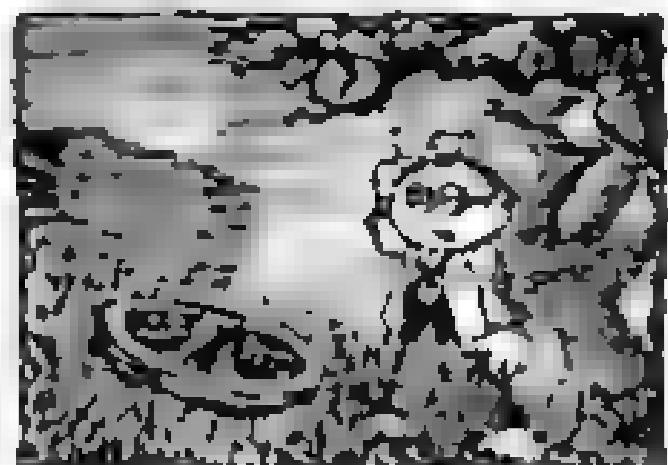
JUST THEN THE COACH ROUNDED
A SHARP CURVE



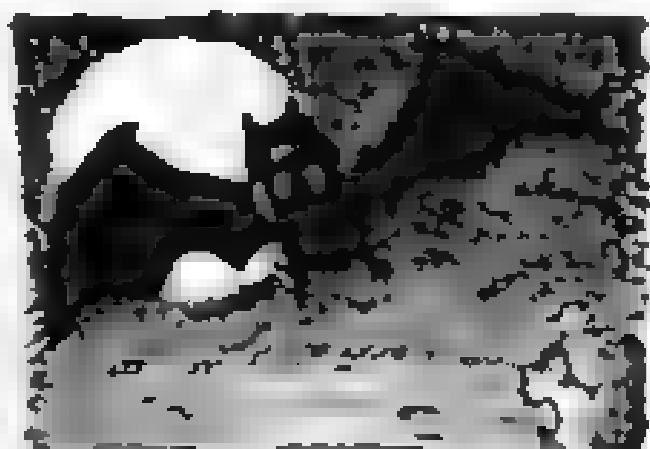
AFTER ALL WAS QUIET, I GOT
UP, LOOKED AROUND, AND FOUND
MYSELF ALONE. THE HORSE HAD
RUN OFF, AND THE DRIVER HAD
MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED.



THEN OUT OF THE STILLNESS
A MIND-THUNDER, THIN RAISING,
SHRILL SCREAM BOUNDED OUT!



...AND A HUGE, MONSTROUS
BAT CAME SAILING OUT OF
THE MIST!



ONE LOOK AT THIS HORRIBLE BAT
AND I WAS OFF RUNNING BACK
DOWN THE ROAD FASTER THAN
I HAD EVER THOUGHT I COULD RUN.



...AFRAID TO LOOK BACK EVEN ONCE
I COULD FEEL THE MONSTROUS
CREATURE GETTING CLOSER, GAINING
AND GAINING ...



SUDDENLY I FELT TWO COLD, SHARP
CLAWS GRIPPING MY SHOULDERS...
THEY PULLED ME TO A STOP...

SLOWLY I TURNED AROUND,
EXPECTING ANY MINUTE FOR THE
HUGE BAT TO TAKE A BITE OUT OF
ME. BUT INSTEAD, THERE STOOD...
DRACULA! I KNEW IT WAS HIM
FROM PICTURES I HAD SEEN IN
THE PAPER!



IT ALL CAME BACK TO ME NOW, WHAT I HAD READ ABOUT VAMPIRES,
AND DRACULA. THAT THEY CAN CHANGE INTO THE FORM OF A BAT, AND
THE HUGE BAT THAT WAS FOLLOWING ME WAS DRACULA! I WAS TOTALLY
HORRIFIED, I CONSOLED MYSELF THAT THIS WAS ALL A DREAM, ... A HOR-
RIBLE NIGHT MARE. AND I WOULD WAKE UP ANY MINUTE, ... BUT NOW
DRACULA CAME CLOSER ... AND CLOSER ... THEN ...

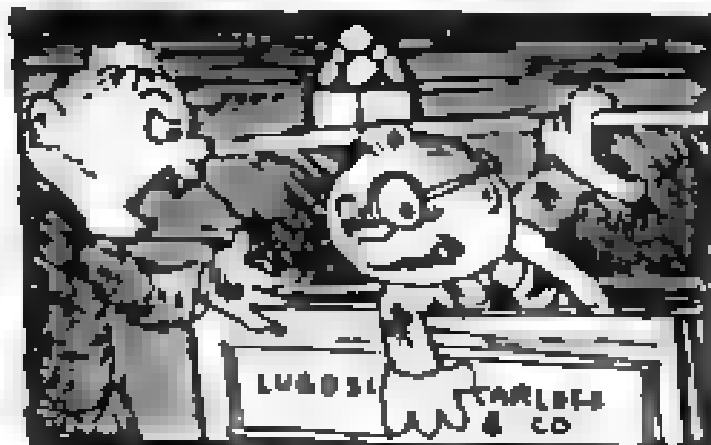


THE NEXT THING I REMEMBERED
WAS DRACULA'S FACE. HE WAS
LIFTING A LID OR HATCH OF SOME
KIND, I WAS LYING DOWN AND

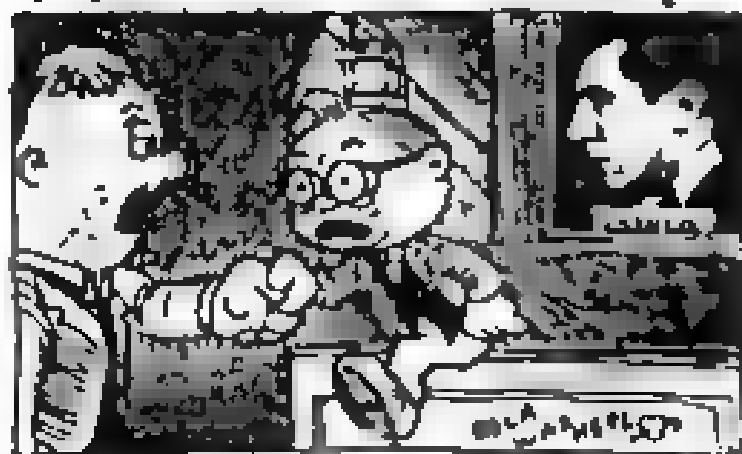


I SAW THAT I HAD BEEN LYING IN
A LONG BOX... THE BOTTOM OF THE
BOX WAS FILLED WITH EARTH THEN
I SAW THAT IT WAS A COFFIN!

SEEMED TO BE IN A CONTAINER
OF SOME KIND. I GOT UP QUICKLY
BUT I FELT COLD AND EMPTY...
DRACULA SAWE ME HIS HAND...



I DIDNT TRY TO ESCAPE DRACULA,
MY MIND WAS CONCENTRATED ON
ONE THING.. I WAS THIRSTY..
VERY THIRSTY..

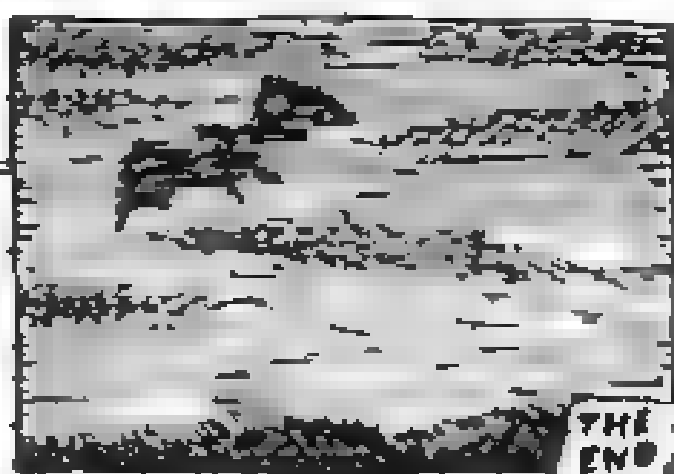
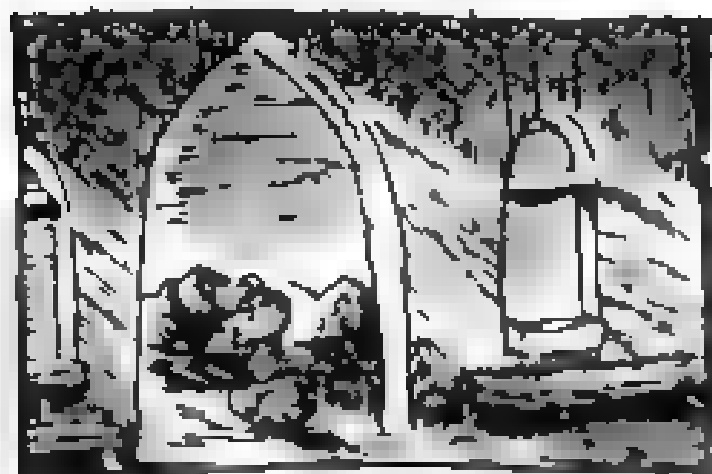


..AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY
TO GET THE LIQUID I WANTED.

....



AFTER MY TRANSFORMATION, I
FLEW OFF INTO THE MIST TO
HUNT DOWN A VICTIM.



THE
END

THE GOOD AWARD

BY THE ARTIST



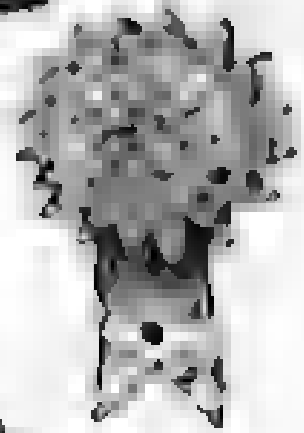
DEDICATED TO
THOSE WHO THREW ROCKS AT
VICE PRESIDENT MEYER

JUDGE...

Jack Crowley

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CURRENT EVENTS

KHRUSHCHEV VISITS U.S.!!

YES IT WON'T BE TOO LONG BEFORE NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV PREMIER OF RUSSIA WILL MAKE A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES TO ASURE SAFETY FROM ANY DANGER WHO MIGHT TRY TO ASSASSINATE HIM. THE SOVIET LEADER PLANS TO TRAVEL WITH HIM A HOST OF WELL-TRAINED AND EFFICIENT BODY GUARDS DURING HIS VISIT.

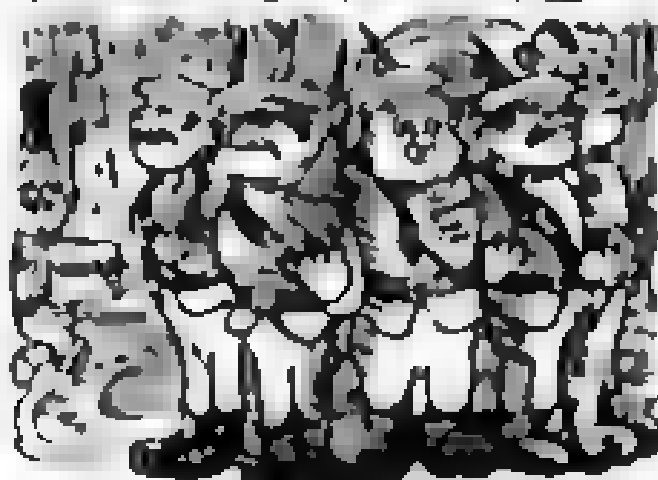
WHILE PARADING DOWN BROAD STREET OF NEW YORK AND HIS BODY GUARDS WILL BE POSTED ON BOTH SIDES OF THE STREET IN CONCENTRIC LINES TO PREVENT ANY MOB RAIDS OR LOOTING FROM APPROACHING THE CAR THAT CARRIES THE FAMILY UNLESS SOMEHOW THEY WILL BE SURROUNDED BY A HEAVY PROOF GUARD SQUAD TO ASSURE DOUBLE SAFETY.



THURSDAY WALKING UP TO THE
BATHS PROTECTED BY BODY GUARD



AT SOMETIME THURSDAY IS
PROTECTED BY BODY GUARD



THURSDAY HAS AFTER DINNER
MORE UNDER WATCH EYE OF BODY
GUARDS.



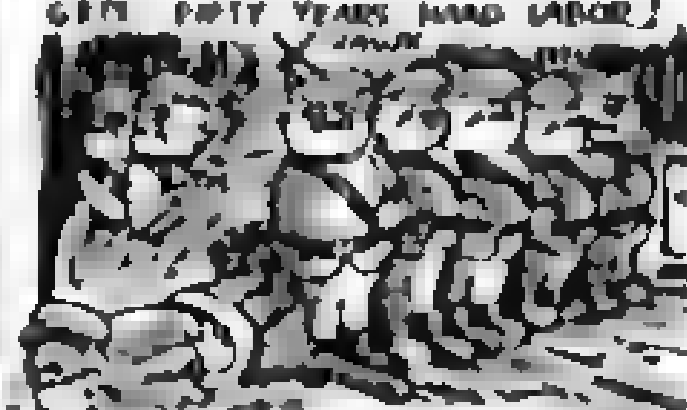
EVER WATCHING GUARDS SEE
THURSDAY DURING RECEPTION IN
BATH



THURSDAY AND RESIDENT BEEN
NOW - TAKING PEACE - AND
BODY GUARDS



BODY GUARD AND OTHER AGENTS
OVER THURSDAY WOULD BE
ALONG ONE GUARD, MINUTED AND
WEARY, HAS PUT ON HIS FACE -
GIVE FIFTY YEARS HARD LABOR



LONG

BE KIND TO ANIMALS DEPT: YES, THIS IS "BE KIND TO ANIMALS"
WEEK. YOU GOT THE WRONG IDEA IF YOU THINK WE MEAN CATS, DOGS,
BIRDS, COWS, OR THE SUCH, .. WE MEAN US EDITORS HERE AT FOO!
BE KIND! BUY OUR MAGAZINE! AND NOW, TO CELEBRATE THIS
WEEK, FOO BRINGS YOU JACK WEBB'S NUMBER ONE FLOP ..

NOAH'S ARK

PRODUCED BY JACK WEBB
DIRECTED BY JACK WEBB
MADE UP OF JACK WEBB
WRITTEN BY JACK WEBB
CASTING BY JACK WEBB

WELL, HERE WE ARE, STARTING
THE DAY ON BAPT AND
EARLY AT YOUNG DOCTOR
NOAH'S CHEERFUL, GAY LITTLE
OLD VETERANARIAN HOSPITAL!



WOW! I WONDER WHAT
YOUNG DOCTOR NOAH IS
DOING IN THAT BACK ROOM
EVER SINCE I CAME TO WORK HERE
YOUNG DOCTOR NOAH HAS BEEN SPEN-
DING MOST OF HIS TIME IN THAT
BACK ROOM!

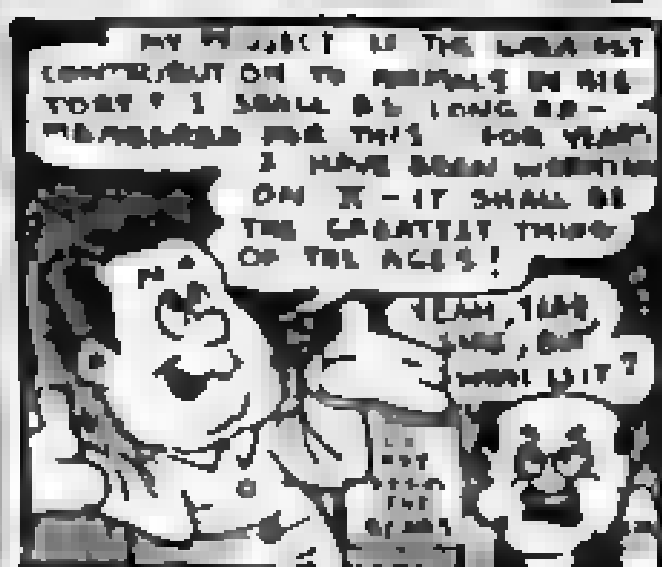
BONG
CRASH
CLATTER



— DOING SOMETHING — I
WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING
BACK THERE!

BLETTY
BANG
BLAM
BANG
BANG











Treasure Island Days

BY
C + R CRUMB

YOUR ULCER BEEN BOTHERING YOU MUCH THESE DAYS, SQUIRE?

AN' YEAH, DOCTOR, THE LINESAY I THINK I NEED A VACATION.

I HAVE IT! I SHALL TAKE A JOURNEY BY SHIP TO THE WEST INDIES. I NEED TO GET AWAY FROM THE RAT HERE, DO I?

I WOULDN'T ADVISE IT—SOME OF JOHN SILVER'S SHIPMATE PIRATES ROAM AROUND IN PARTS OF THE WEST INDIES—


POOPY COCK!

AND THEY'VE GOT A FEW OLD SCORES TO SETTLE WITH YOU ON ACCOUNT OF HAZING, SO, ACTUALLY, IT REALLY WOULDN'T BE TOO HEALTHY TO GO DOWN THERE—

THEN HUH. DO YOU SUGGEST I DO, DOCTOR, IF NOT A TRIP TO THE INDIES, SIR?

SILVER'S MEN BE HANGED!

THE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS WOULD BE THE IDEAL SPOT— AH, YES— THE BEAUTIFUL PALM TREES THAT SWAY IN THE COOL DELIGHTFUL BREEZES IN RHYTHM WITH CHARMING, LOVELY, DANCING HULA GOILS—



YES, MY DEAR SQUIRE, THINK OF IT— YOUR HICER WILL DISSOLVE LIKE SOFT BUTTER IN THE WARM SOUTH PACIFIC SUN—

DOCTOR— I'M SHOCKED!



BUT WHAT ARE WAITING FOR!

DOWN BOY DOWN—



YES— BEING AS I AM YOUR PERSONAL PHYSICIAN AND YOUR HEALTH MUST BE SAFEGUARDED CONSTANTLY IT IS INEVITABLE THAT I GO ALONG

YES YES



I TAKE IT FOR GRANTED YOU ARE PAYING ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES, SQUIRE—

NOW JUST A MINUTE, LINGRAY



YOU'VE GOT A PROSPEROUS BUSINESS— YOU CAN WELL PAY YOUR OWN PASSAGE!

IT'S YOUR HEALTH THAT'S BEING PROTECTED— NOT MINE



IF YOU DON'T PAY MY
PASSAGE I REFUSE TO GO, AND
IF I DINT GO WHO'S GONNA
TAKE CARE OF YOU AND YOUR
COMPANY IF ONE SHOULD GET
SICK — WHO KNOWS, AN
EPIDEMIC WOULD SPREAD —

A PLAGUE WOULD OVERCOME YOU
AND YOU'D ALL (EVER ONE)
DIE LIKE DOGS ON THE SANDY
SHORES OF AN UNKNOWN ISLAND IN
THE SOUTH PACIFIC —

WITH NO ONE TO
BURY YOU, THINK OF
HOW UNSANITARY
THAT WOULD BE —

DOCTOR,
PLEASE!

VERY WELL, I'LL PAY YOUR
WAY, CONFOUND YOU SIR.
I'LL MAKE PLANS TO PUT
ABOARD A FRIGATE AT PRIS-
TOL!

A FEW DAYS LATER

WELL, ONE
JOHN, SQUIRE
IS TAKING ME WITH HIM
WHEN HIS SHIP SAILS FOR
THE SOUTH PACIFIC!

I WOULDNT
SUGGEST
ASKING ANY
OF ID BOARDS
BE AUSE ALL
DO DOGS IN
THIS AREA
BELONG TO
THE SAME
UNION AS
I DO —

NOW, WHAT DO YE SUPPOSE
OL' SQUIRE BE GOING TO THE
SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS FOR, UIM?
TO DOG UP SOME BURIED GOLD
N' JEWELS PERHAPS, EY?

FER HIS 'EALTH
'E SAYS, HAW HAW,
NOT A LAUGH, EN
JOHN?

HO, HO,
HO, HO,

THAT'S
RICH —

FER HIS
HEALTH, HE
SAYS, SIR!



TOMMYN' TELLS OL' UNCLE JOHN
THAT YE SQUIRE GOT 'IS
CLUTCHES ON YE MAP OF
YE BURIED TREASURE,
BUT OL' SQUIRE, 'E
DON'T WANT 'ER
LET ON.

HEE
HEE!

- MAINLY, CAUSE HE'S AFRAID
THAT A BUNCH O' NASTY
OL' PIRATES LIKE US
WILL WANTER BEAT 'EM
TO TH' DOUBLOANS.

EEH, HAAA
HAAA-

BUT SQUIRE MISJUDGES 'IS OL' SHIPMATE,
JOHN. OL' JOHN DON'T WANT ANY DIRTY
OL' TREASURE - MONEY MEANS NOTHIN'
T' OL' JOHN, IT'S WHATS 'ERE THAT
COUNTS.

YOU SWABS ST TIGHT
HERE - IF WERE NOT ON THAT
SHIP HEADIN' FOR SOUTH PACIFIC
, IL GIVE UP ANOTHER SET
O' TOES, HEH, HEH, HEH.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING,
LONG JOHN?

I'M GOING
ARE A LITTLE
TALK N' WITH
SQUIRE -

TOP O' THE MORNIN'
SQUIRE - HOW'S YOUR
HEALTH, HEH, HEH,

GOOD
MORNIN'
SILVER!

OH I'M A
LITTLE
SQUAB!

I SUPPOSE JIM TOLD YOU ABOUT OUR STAG JOURNEY TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC, AND I ALSO PRESUME YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A JOB AS SQUAD COOK! EH, SILVER?

YOU "IT TH' NAIL RIGHT ON TH' EAD SQUAD, HEH, HEH.

YES, OF COURSE!

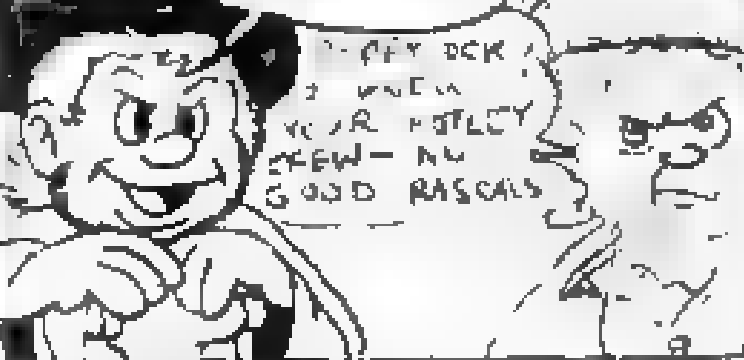


YAH!



IT AIN'T GOT NO TIME SEA HANDS FOR YE! THERE NOT VAY FEATY LOOKIN'! SPEAKIN' JERSEY MERRY - IT'S AN' US 'N' ME, BUT THEY KNOW THE SEA.

AND BLUES SEVER - I'E SOME AN' HIRE A STRIP COOK AL - READY! MEET HANS, OUR COOK!



HEY DICK! I WHEN YOUR POTLEY SEW - NO GOOD RASCALS



EH?

SURE, 'ON COULD YE DO THIS TO ME - IT BREAKS OL' JOHNS HEART TO SEE AN OLD SHIPMATE TURN 'EM OUT.

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE TH' DAY, AR. IT SENDS TH' VERY CORE O' ME 'EART T' THINK THAT SQUIRE MISTRUSTS 'IS OL' SHIPMATE.



BLUBBER!

CAN'T BEAR TO SEE
THIS POOR OLD CROPLE
GET TURNED AWAY INTO
THE COLD!

WE CAN HAVE MY JOB AS
COOK — HE'S JUST A CRIPPLE —
A HELPLESS OLD STRAWING
CRIPPLE — GOODBYE, SQUIRE!

BUT HANS — HE'S
NOTHING BUT A
LOWDOWN —

VERY WELL, SQUIRE... I LOOKS
LIKE I HAVE NO CHOICE
NOW... ALL HANDS ABOARD
FOR "HUNG HENRY" BY SUNDOWN...
BUT MIND YOU, NO TRICKERY!

SO BE
IT—

YOU CAN WAGER IL VORN
WILL DO HIS DUTY AS AN
HONEST SEAMAN. MEN, MEN —

RODDYCOCK!

SUNDOWN!

WELL CAPTAIN ALL SHIP —
SAFE AND SEA WORTHY
I HOPE!

GENTLEMEN, PERHAP WE'D
BETTER SPEAK IN THE
PRIVACY OF MY QUARTERS!



TO BE FRANK WITH YOU
SQUIRE - I DON'T LIKE
THE MEN AND I DON'T
LIKE THIS CRUISE -

MAYBE
THE MEN
DON'T LIKE
YOU EITHER,
CAPTAIN!

I'M TAKING THIS TRIP PURELY
FOR MY HEALTH, SIR! AS FOR THE
MEN, THEIR HONEST, I'LL VOUCH
FOR THEM!

DELICIOUS WINE!



OH YES SQUIRE, THE
WINE IS OF THE FINEST
VINTAGE -

IT COMES FROM THE FINEST PICKED
CONCORD GRAPES IN THE ORCHARDS OF
ITALY - CONCORD GRAPES THAT ARE
CARED AND FARMERED IN A SPECIAL
WAY TO PRODUCE THE FINEST WINES -

HEY, SQUIRE, I'LL LET
YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET
IF YOU (HAP) PROMISE NOT
TO TELL A SHOUL - HEE -

(WATCH THAT CAPTAIN?)

ACTSHILLY, THISH STUFF IS MADE
RIGHT SHERE ABOARD SHIP -
ME' N' MISTER ARROW GOT
A DISTILLERY BELOW DECK
RIGHT HERE ON THISH
SHIP -



DON'T
SHY!





HEE, HAW, HAW, HAW,
HIAW! TAKE IT EASY, JIM,
MATEY, ITS ONLY A STUFFED
PARROT.

LEFT ME REAL L
PARROT AT HOME, COULDN'T
COME ON ACCOUNT 'E HAD
CHICKEN POX.

YUM!

THESE 'ERE BISCUITS ARE HARD AS
LEAD. MUSTA BEEN SOMETHIN'
I PUT IN TH' RECIPE.

YOU SAID IT!

I'M HUNGRY! -AAAAAR!

KLUNK
KLUNK

PHOOEY... I'LL GO GET A
APPLE OUT O' TH' BARREL!

GALEY

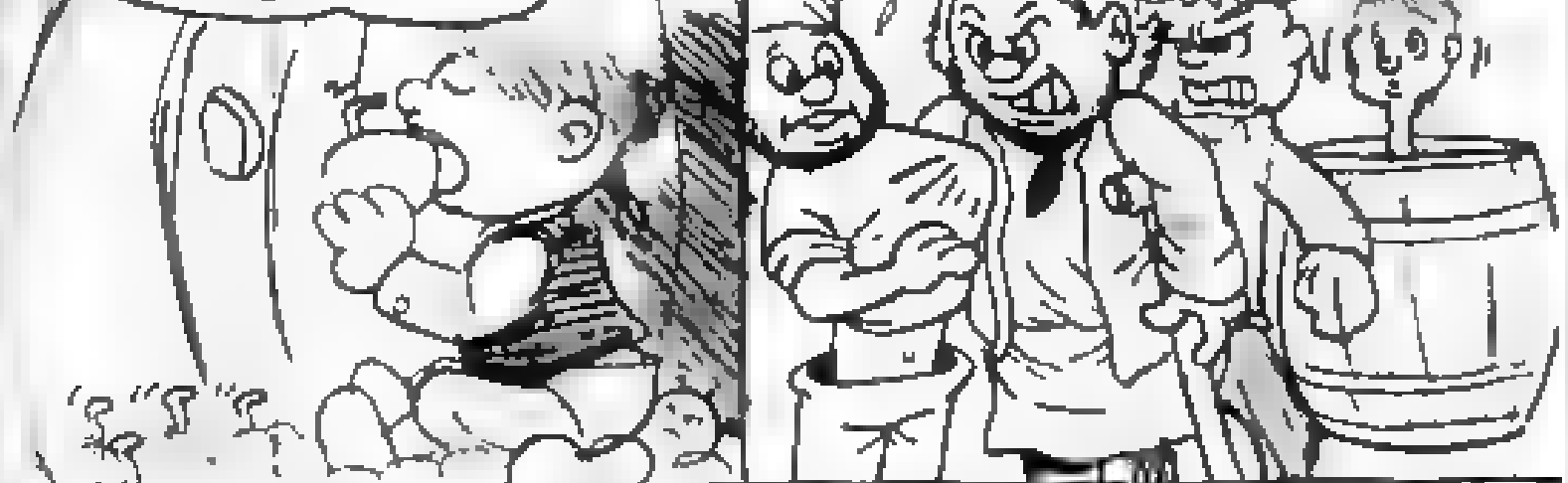
OOP - CAN'T REACH 'EM!

OOPS -

THUD

CUT ALL THIER
THROATS, I
SAY!

YOU'LL DO NOTHING O' TH' KIND
TILL OL' JOHN GIVES TH' SAY-SO



I SAY WE TAKE OVER TH'S
SHIP NOW, JOHN! I'M
- PEE O' WAITIN! WE

GEORGE, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN,
AFORE I PUT YE' DOWN-...
ON THE FLOOR-



I'VE STOOD HAZING FR'OM
AS LONG ENOUGH, JOHN'S LVER
FROM NOW ON, I'M TH' LEADER
O' THIS 'ERE CREW!

SO BE IT, GEORGE, IF THAT
BE THE WAY YOU WANT IT
BUT IT BUST ME 'EART WIDE
OPEN T' SEE ME OWN CREW
TURN AGIN' ME-



ALL THY WONDERFUL TIMES WE
'AD TOGETHER - ALL THOSE SWEET
MEMORIES OF KILLIN' N' STEALIN'
THAT I CHERISH - THAT REMAIN IN ME
'EART FAREYEA.

BUT, REGARDLESS, I LOVE
ALL MY OL' SHIPMATES,
AS CAP'N I'VE ALWAYS
DONE WHAT I THOUGHT
BE BEST (SOS)
FOR 'EM.

SNIFF

NOW THEN .. AS NEW CAP'N
I'M GONNA MAKE A FEW CHAN-
GES HERE AND NOW!

NO,
GEORGE!

IS REAL 'ERE BE
FIRST MATE FROM
NOW ON!

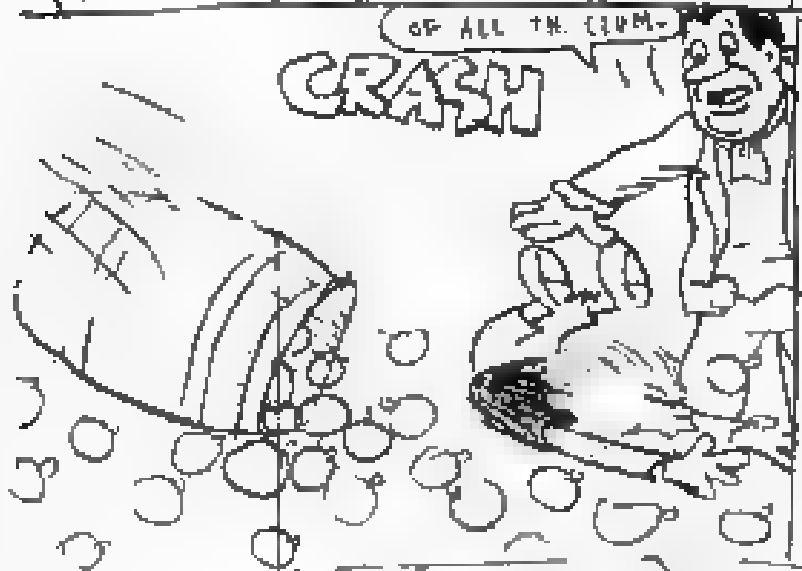
NO
GEORGE!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND - I'VE
DECIDED T' REMAIN CAP'N HERE -

I DON'T THINK YOU
CARE TO ARGUE WITH
THIS BLADE "CAP'N"
MERRY.

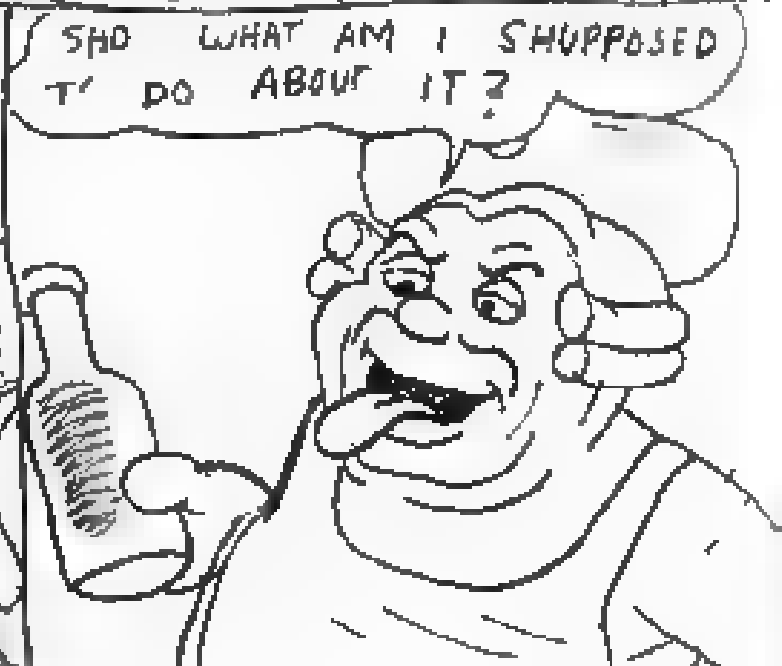
SHER THING CAP'N
JOHN. HEH HEH.

+MMMM





MEANWHILE



FOR ALL WE KNOW, THIS BRAT
COULD BE LY'IN. YOU KNOW HOW
LITTLE KIDS ARE. THEY
DELIBERATELY MAKE UP SOME LIE TO
STIR UP EXCITEMENT.

LAND HO!

WOW! BEAT IT
KID, BEFORE I
PUT A HAIRBRUSH
TO YOU!

WOW!

YES, SURE THERE SHE IS -
YOUR BEAUTIFUL SOUTH
PACIFIC ISLAND -

LOOK AT ALL THE NATIVES LINED UP
ALONG THE SHORE - THEY'VE COME
TO GREET US -

THUD!

RED
COATS
GONE

FEAR THE NATIVES HAVE AN
AGGRESSIVE ATTITUDE -

YOU DO, DO YOU?

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW... THE NATIVES ARE HOSTILE AND THEY WON'T LET US COME ASHORE!

IT'S NOT SO MUCH A QUESTION OF ME GETTING MY HEALTH BACK BY GOING ON THE ISLAND... BUT THE FACT THAT WE'RE NEARLY OUT OF PROVISIONS AND WE'LL ALL DIE AT SEA IF WE DON'T PICK UP SUPPLIES HERE!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE NATIVES ON THESE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLANDS WERE FRIENDLY.

I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK AT THIS NOTE!

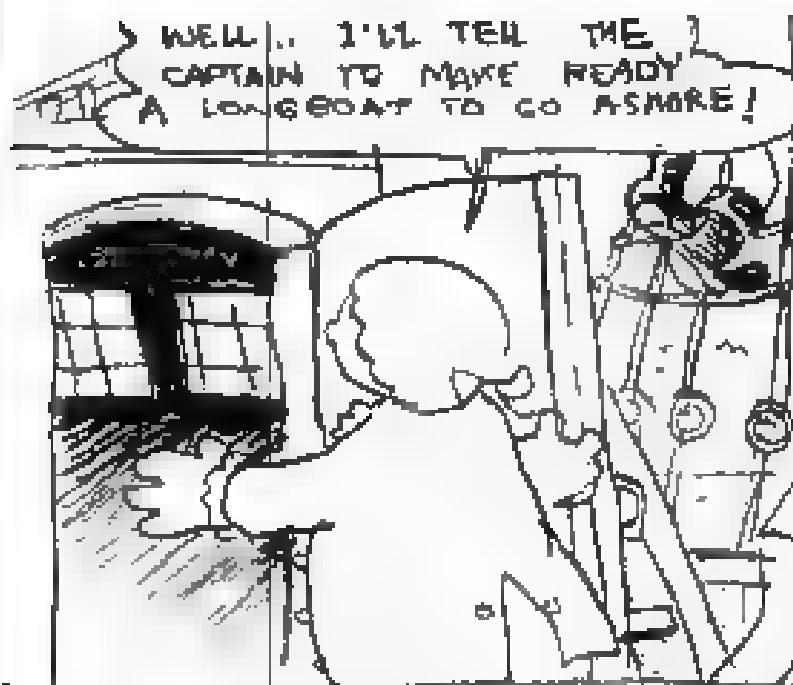
RED COAT, GO HOME

THERE'S SOME WRITING ON THE BACK. IT SAYS: RED COATS, GO HOME, BUT BEFORE YOU DO WHY NOT STOP IN OUR ISLAND SOUVENIR SHOPS, WE HAVE A FINE SELECTION OF GIFTS AND MEMENTOS TO HELP MAKE YOUR VISIT A MEMORIAL ONE.

HA, WHAT A SNEAKY WAY TO ADVERTISE -

BURNS ME UP!

RED COATS, GO HOME





WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW ISLAND GIRLS -



WELL DOCTOR, WE'LL PROCEED TO GO ASHORE WITHOUT THE CAPTAIN:

YOU TALKIN' TO ME SQUIRE -



WELL SILVER TO HAVE DINNER READY SOON. SWIMMING LOOKS UP A BIG APPETITE.



THE WHOLE BLOOMIN CREW IS GOING SWIMMING, AND ME WITHOUT A BATHING SUIT!



SILVER... DOCTOR SAYS HAVE DINNER READY SOON...

BLAST THE DOCTOR. I'M GOING ASHORE -



AND IF THE DOCTOR GETS TOO HUNGRY TELL EM WE GOT SOME DELICIOUS BISCUITS LEFT OVER IN THE GALLEY, AH, AH

HAW HAW!

POOEY I'M GONNA FIND A ENIM POST!



SOON
I FOUND ONE! I
FOUND A SWIMMER!



LOOKOUT BELOW-O-OH!



KA-
SLOOM!



WELL CAPTAIN JOHN... LET'S GO ASHORE!

M. GIVE M
ORDER. 'ROUND
ERE GEORGE -



AR O' SWEET SPOT THIS ISLAND
HEA-



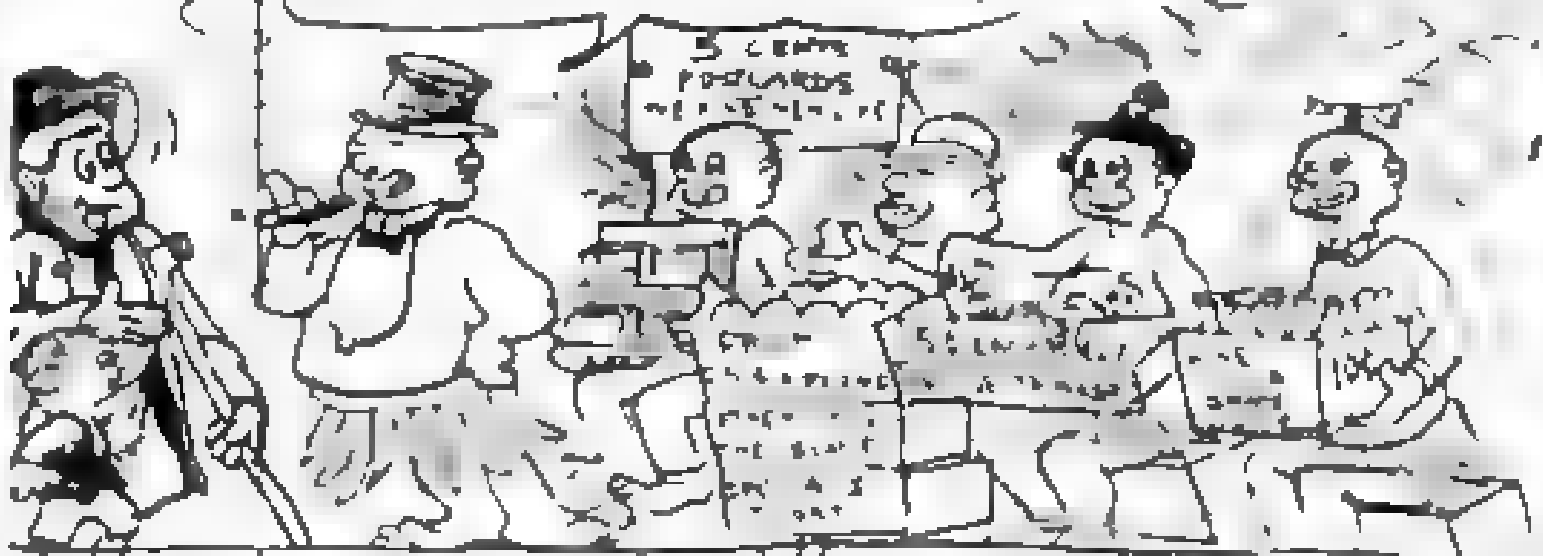
YOU MUST BE TH' ISLAND
CHIEF - CAPTAIN JOHN SILVER
BRINGS WARM GREETINGS IN
THE NAME O' ENGLAND -

HONDY!



WE OF THE ISLAND OF PERLOO
WELCOME WHITEMAN WHO COME
IN GREAT CANOE WE BRING
YOU GIFTS -

OF COURSE, THEY'LL COST YOU CASH, BUT IEN,
NOTHIN'S FREE ANYMORE, IS T!



AS CHIEF OL' JOHN KNOW Y MEAN
WELL, BUT I BE BUSTED BAKKE -
'AVEN'T GOT O' SHILLIN' ON ME -

YES, WAITIL SQUIRE COMES
ASHORE, THEN YOU'LL MAKE O'
B O' KILLIN' -

IL YARE A BIG KILLIN'
AGHY NOW IF YOU'
N'T BUY
MY PEOPLE'S
WARES!



NOW, TAKE IT EASY, CHIEF MATEY -
OL' JOHN WAN'T NO TROUBLE -
'E YES COME ASHORE T' ASK YE
IF ITS BEEN RECORDED ON THIS ISLAND
IN THE PAST 200 YEARS IF ANY
SUSPICIOUS LOOK N' CHARACTERS WITH
SHOVELS COME ROUND HERE -

Y' KNOW, LKE THEY BURIED
SOMETHIN. Y SEE, MATE,
M AN' ARCHAEOLIST, AN' ME'
HOBBY IS DIGGIN' UP OL'
RELICS -

AK YES... WE'LL
HOLD ON, I'LL
LOOK IT!



IL LOOK IN
THE RECORDS -



AN, HERE WE ARE. IN 1547 A SHIP CAME HERE AND A SMALL BOAT CAME TO THE SHORE FROM IT. THE MEN WERE CARRYING A HEAVY CHEST AND BURIED IT IN THE SAND BESIDE THE GIANT ROCK.



THE TREASURE JOHN, THE TREASURE!

BEHAT, GEORGE - CALM YOURSELF -



WHERE IS THE GIANT ROCK?

THERE, ON THE BEACH!

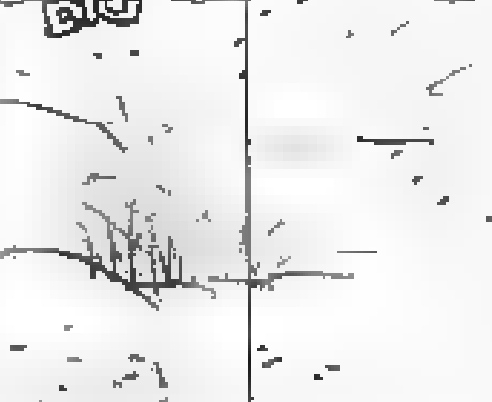


LET'S DIG IT UP! SLURP OOOO!



NO, GEORGE!

DIG
DIG
DIG
DIG



I FOUND IT, THE CHEST ALL MINE!



NOW FOR THOSE DUBLIONS IN CROWN JEWELS. HAH HAH

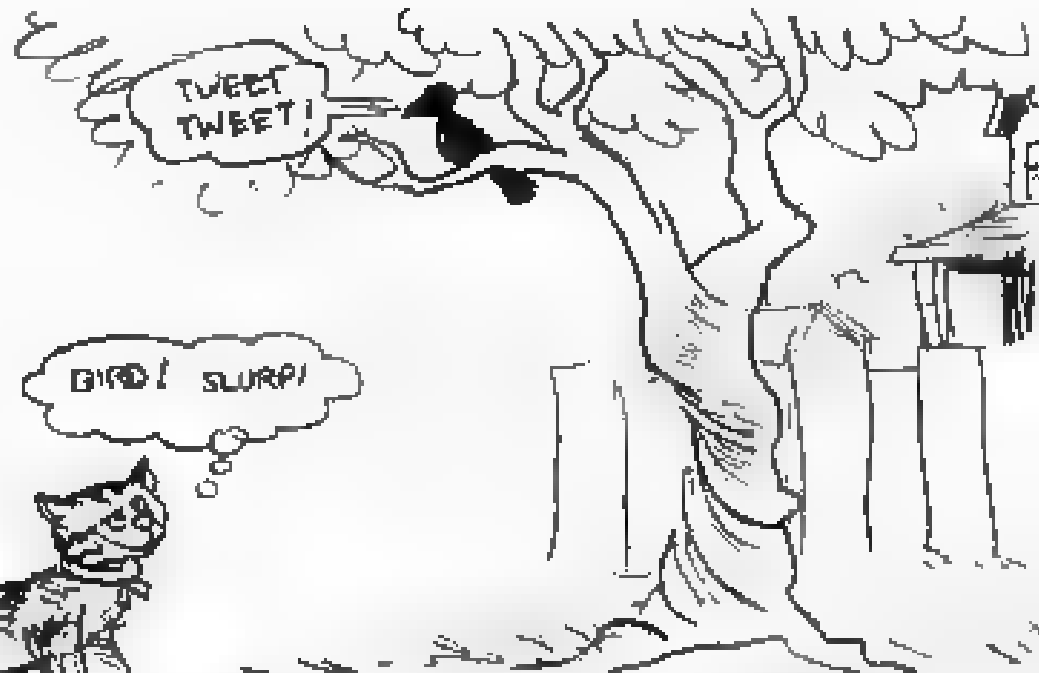




Cat Life

BY
R. CRUMB

© 1987 BY R. CRUMB



A CAT'S GOTTA EAT! THEM HUMANS THINKS IT'S TERRIBLE!

AS IF A MEASLY BIRD MEANT ANYTHING COMPARED TO MY STOMACH!





WOOPS! NOW HOW DO I GET DOWN?

HERE KITTY KITTY, KITTY, KITTY!
HE-ERE KITTY KITTY!



IF HUMAN WHO GIVES OUT THE FOOD IS COWIN'!

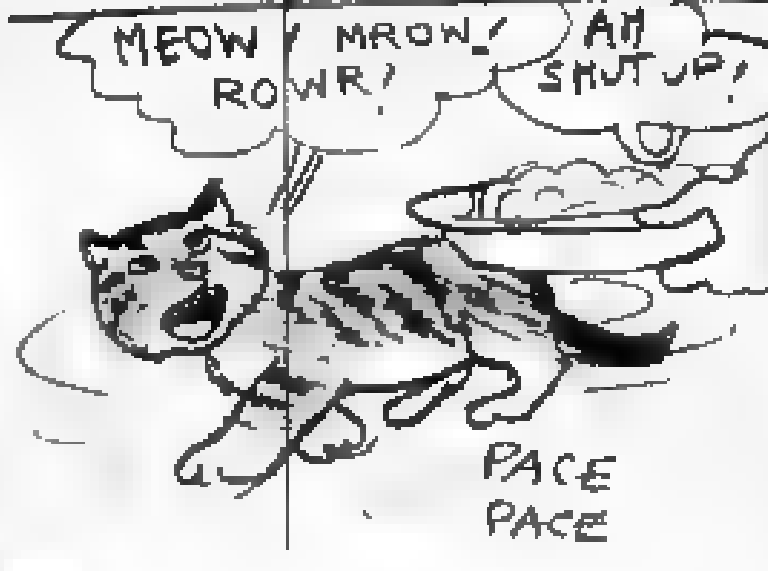


FOOD!



YUM! SLURP!

GOTTA HAVE!
GOTTA HAVE
FOOD!



MEOW / MROW!
ROWR!

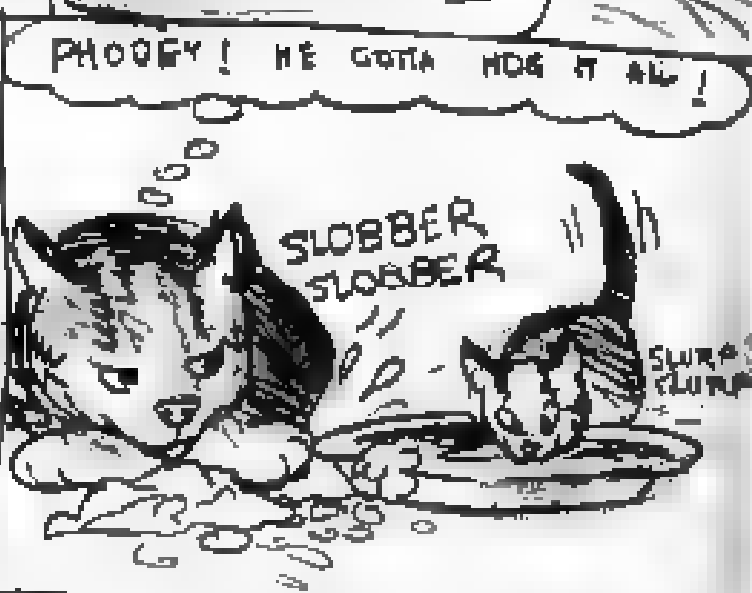
AM
SHUT UP!

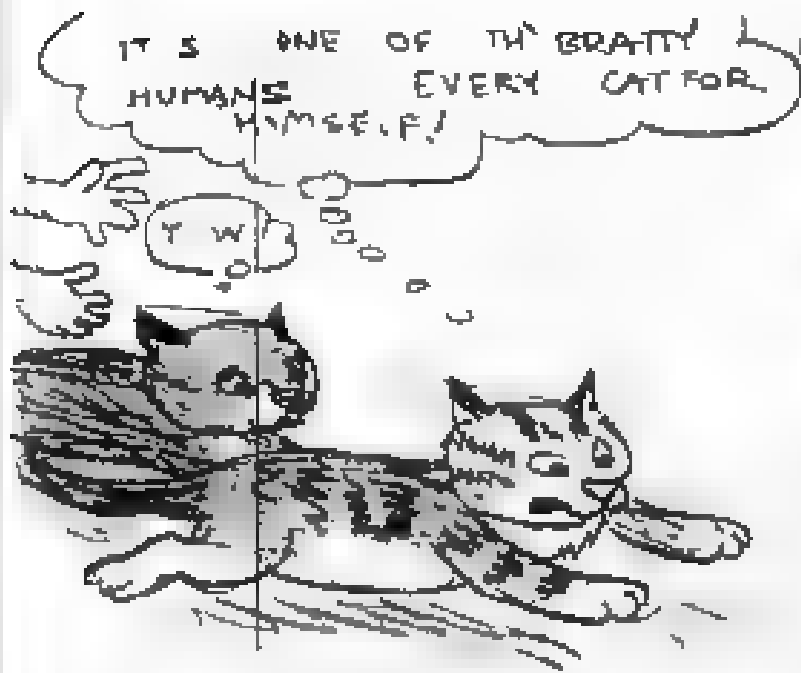
PACE
PACE



YUM! ALL MINE!

GREEDY
ANIMAL!



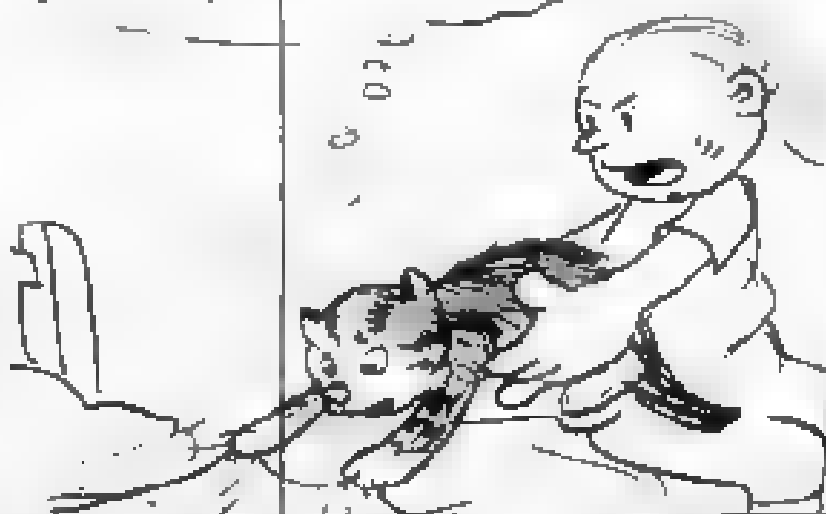






HEY FRED!

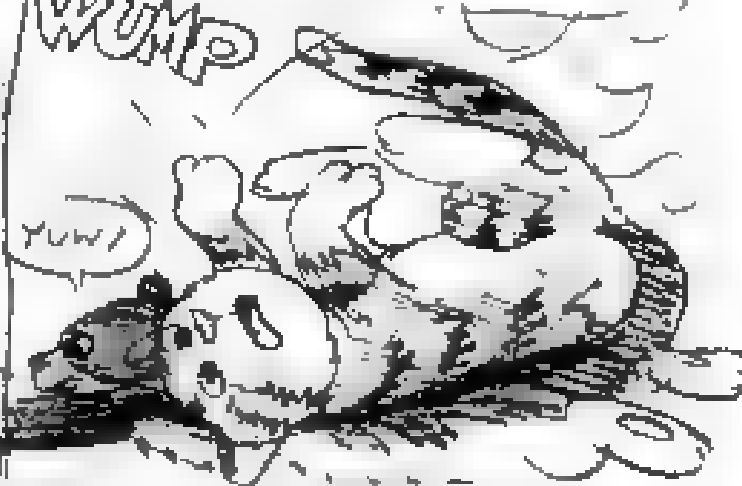
UP OH, ABOVE WHAT?



GO FIGHT WITH
VINNY, OL' THING!

WUMP

YUW!



MROWR!

(M...)

MWAHW!
WAH..!

(DONT PUT POWER ON
ME, FRED)



THE BRAT HUMAN WANTS
TO T... I FEEL...
... DAY ...

HE FRED



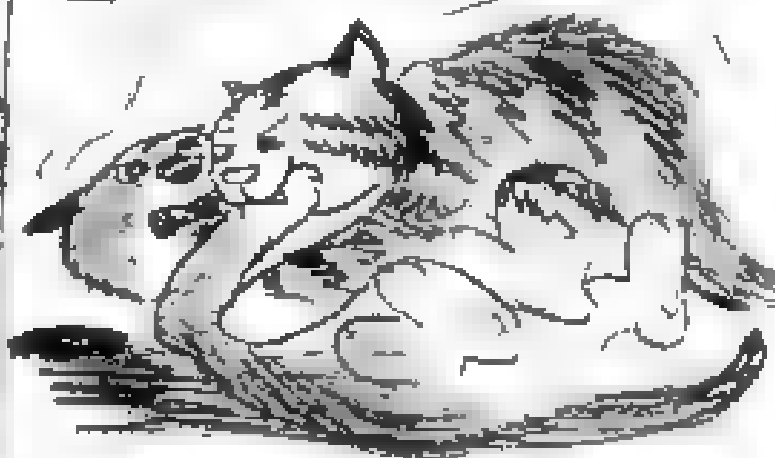
'YAAH!

POUNCE,

MYOW!



WE ...



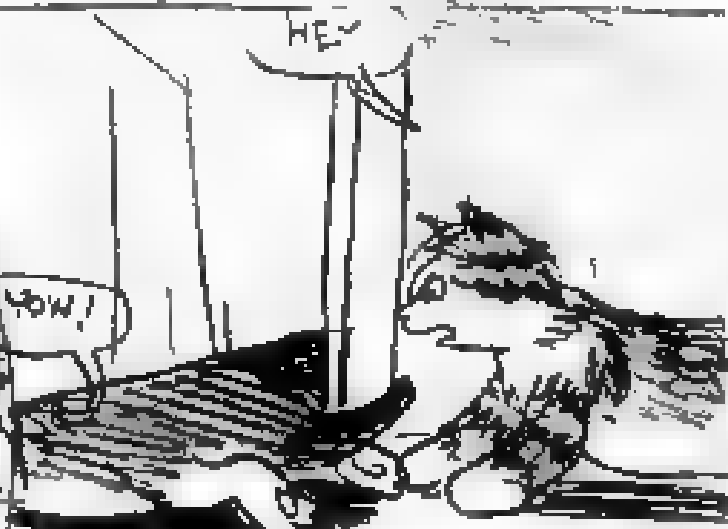
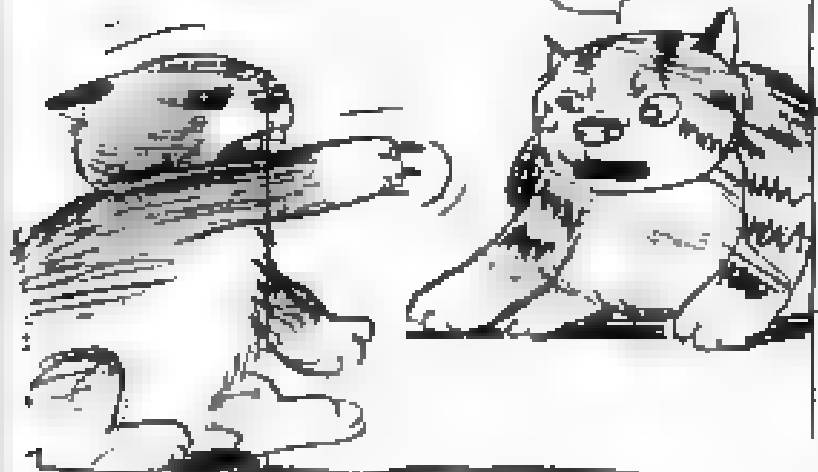
GROWRRROWR!

GRRR

?

NO! NOT AGAIN PLEASE
FRED.

G W N S M
W U U A



U MON OUT AN' FIGHT
LIKE A CAT, YOU
MOUSE-FACE!

YAAAH... YOU
IS JUST MAD!

WHN I HEAR
SOMEBODY IN THE
HALL MAYBE SOMEONE
IS COMING TO RESCUE
US!



JUST GOT FED AN HOUR AGO!
 @ \$7.11 CATS!

DOGS

SPLAT

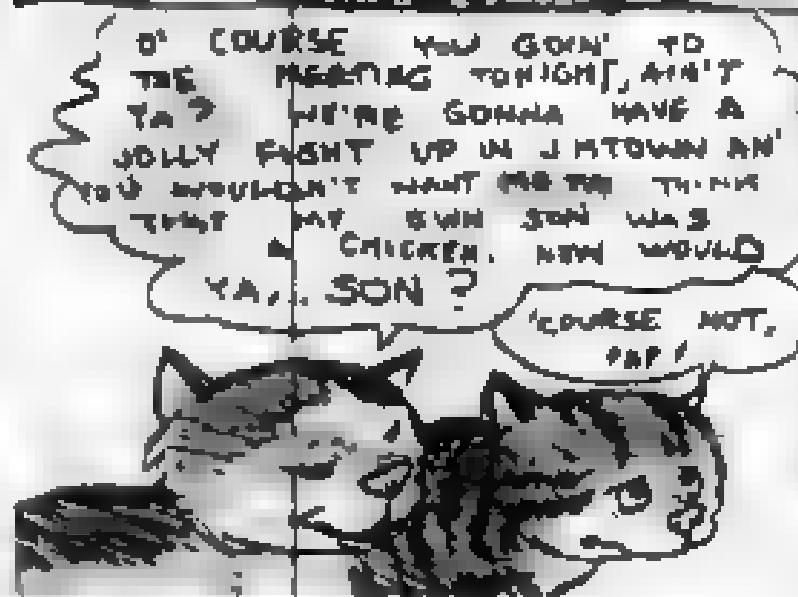
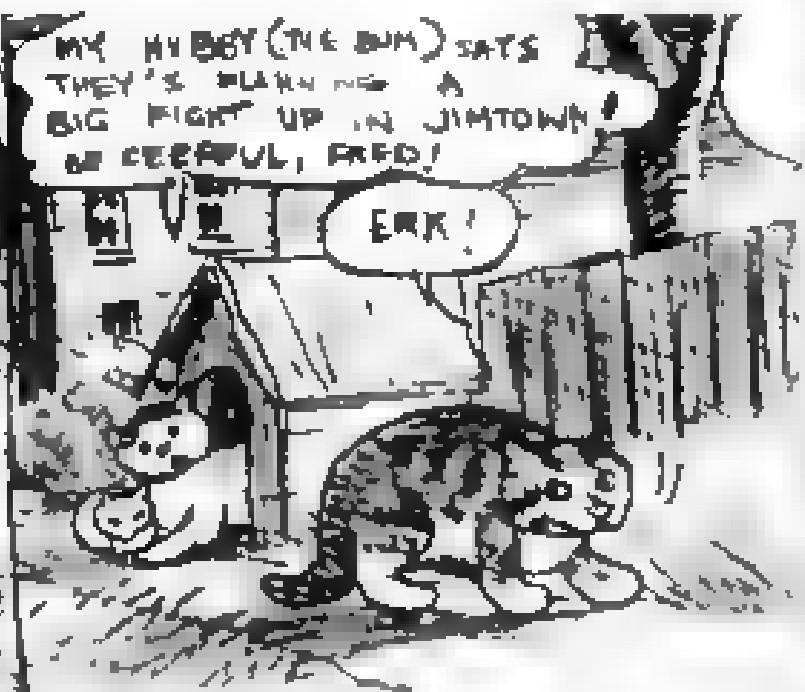
OH, GET OUTA HERE!

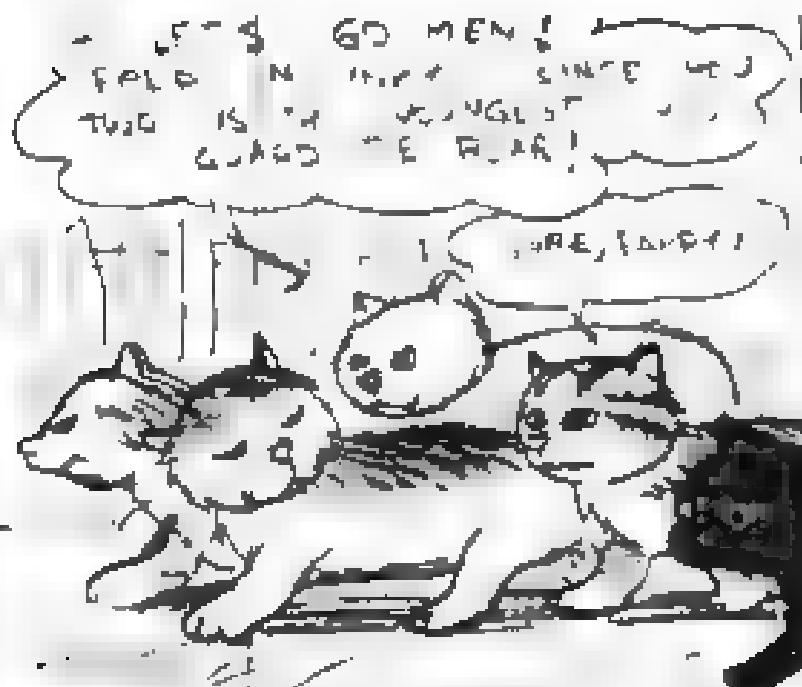
MMMM NOTHING IS GOING ON

CHUCKLE

NIGHT'S THE TIME WHEN
 US CATS LOSE OUR TAME,
 HUMAN-TRAINED WAYS AND GO
 INTO OUR OWN LOST WORLD WHICH
 HUMANS WEREN'T A PART OF!
 SNICKER

WELL, NOW THAT NIGHT'S
 HERE, GUESS I'LL GO OVER
 TO THE CATS GANG'S PLACE..
 THIS IS FRIDAY, THAT'S MEETIN'
 NIGHT OF THE GANG.





WHEN THEY'RE OUT OF THE
ILL TURN 'N' MERTAIL T BACK
TO WHAT STREET & OUR NEIGH-
BORHOOD, WHERE IT'S SAFE!

GARDEN, THE
MA: YOU'RE JUST
PANE PEN!

GOOD! THEY TURNED A
LOADER! (IN MY BEAUTY
IN THE FOOD FOR FIGHTING!
IMAGINE THAT! MY CATS & ME
EVEN DO IT TO CLAW
HIM ONE FOR THAT!

THE GARBAGE IS BETTER IN
OUR NEIGHBORHOOD ANYWAYS!

HEY, MEN! FRED'S GONE
HE TOOK OFF!

HUH? WHAT? YEAR,
HE DID MAKE
SEVERAL STUFF
THAN THAT, WE DON'T
WANT HIM!

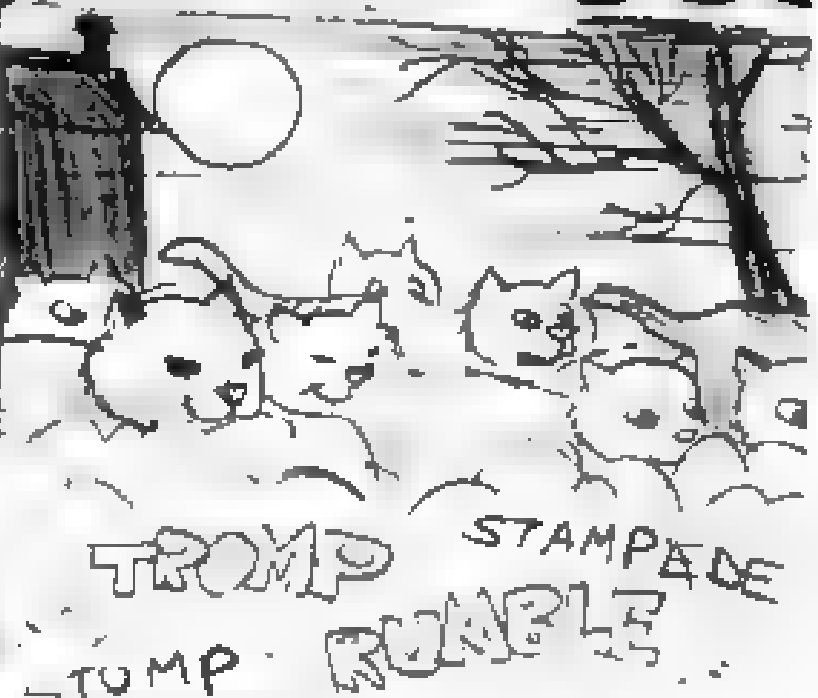
YEAR,

IS A GOOD THING IN REST OF
US AREN'T OF SCAREDY CATS
LIFE THAT!

YEAR WE'RE
TOUGH! WE'RE
USED TO TRAVEL
LIFE IN THE CAT
WORLD

THUB?

OWPS!
FALLIN IN
THE ROAD!





GOOD GRIEF! A CAT
STAMPEDE!



OHMM! I ACHE ALL OVER
I COULD USE A SAUCER OF MILK!



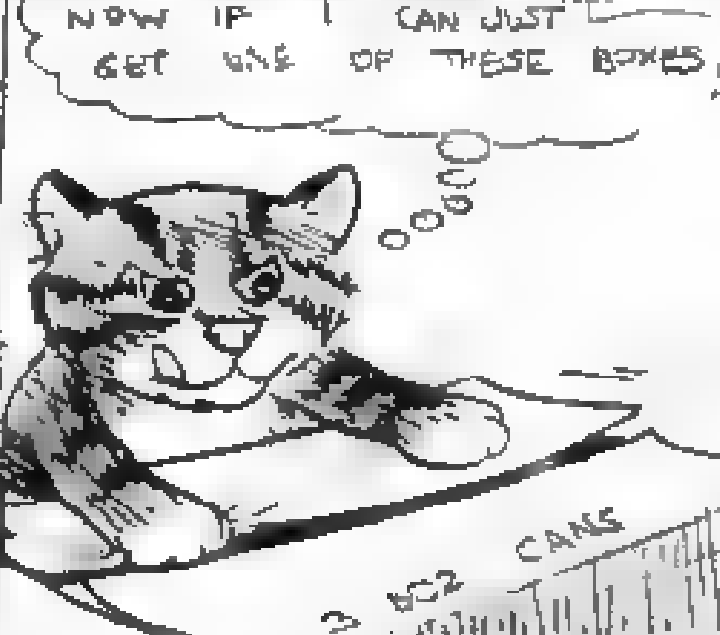
AH HA! BETTER YET FISH!
MAYBE THERE'S A FEW LOOSE
FISH LAYING AROUND IN
THERE!



WHA A HOLE IN THE
DOOR & A HALL!



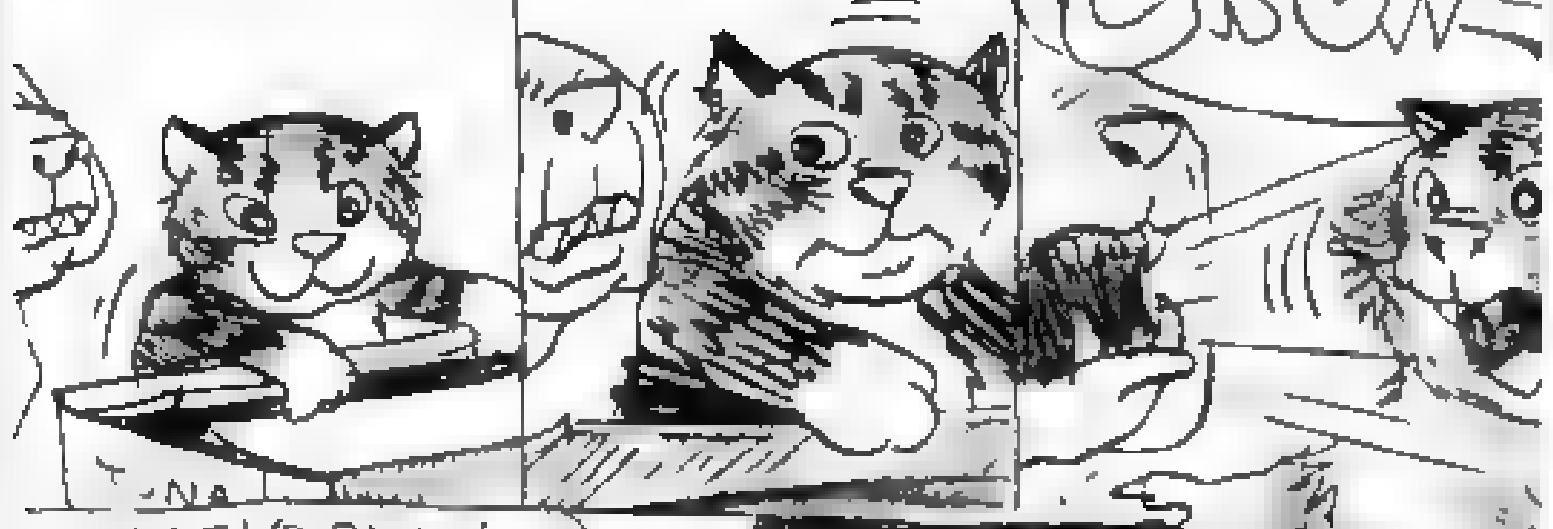
SNIFF SNIFF.. AH, WHAT AN
AROMA TUNA, SALMON,..
SLURP!



NOW IF I CAN JUST
GET ONE OF THESE BOXES,

3 BOXES
CANS

WHA! I'M GETTING IT!



MEEYOOOWW!!



SPLORT



I COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED THE FACT THAT A CAT DOES NOT BE IN THERE!



I'M GOING STRAIGHT HOME I'VE
HAD ENOUGH FOR ONE NIGHT!

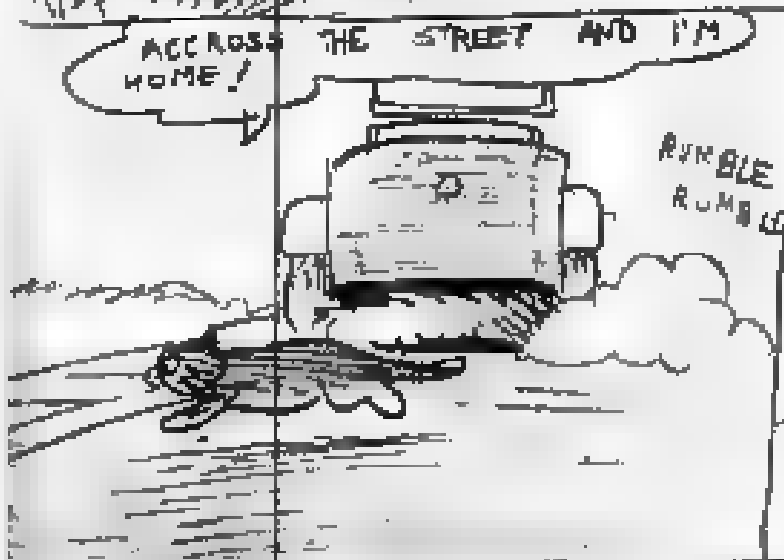


LATER

AM I HOME AT LAST!

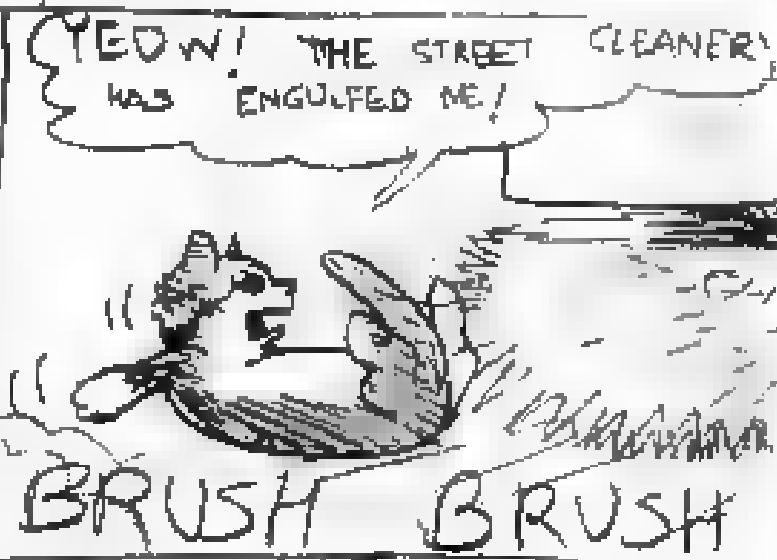


ACROSS THE STREET AND I'M
HOME!



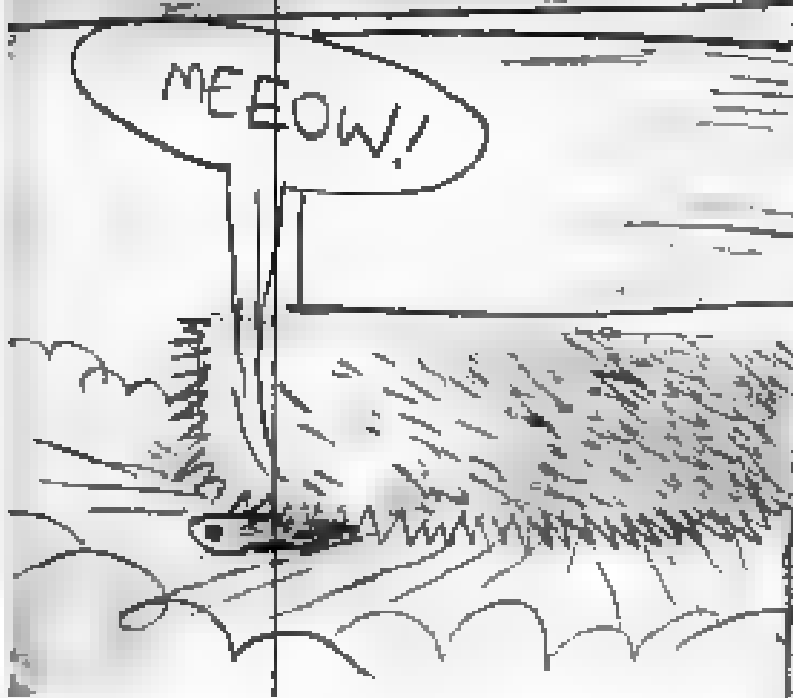
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

YEDOW! THE STREET CLEANER!
HAS ENGULFED ME!



BRUSH BRUSH

MEEOW!



NEXT MORNING

LOOK AT THAT LAZY
OL' CAT, FRED! WHAT AN
EASY LIFE HE HAS... ALL HE
EVER DOES IS EAT AN' SLEEP!

YAAH,
SURE KID, SURE!



THE
END

ANIMAL TOWN

BY
C. & R. CRUMB

BARN! THAT 25T TOWN C'T
CHASED OUT OF EDNT HAVE
A TRAIN TO EN YORK OR CLEN
ANYWAY TO HAVE NO B'YONS BY RAIL-
ROAD!

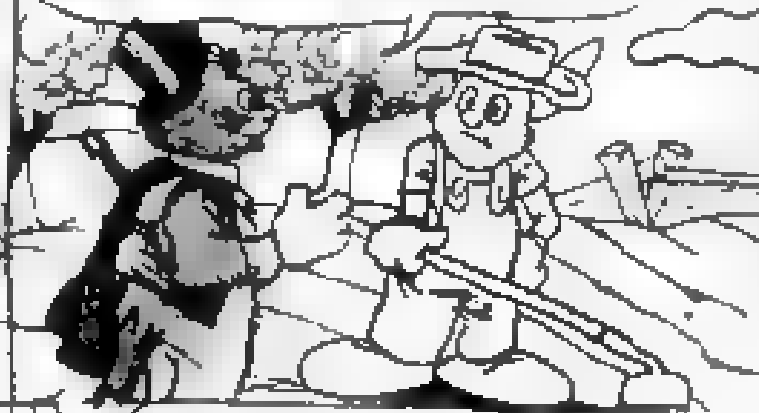


MARCH 12 TO APRIL 3, 1967

AND HERE I AM, 100 DOLLARS ON ME,
ON MY WAY TO FAME & FORTUNE
IN NEW YORK CITY WALKING ON THE
DUSTY ROAD IN THE HOT SUN!



GOOD MORNING! AS LONG
AS FOOD AND DRINK WOULD YOU
BE SO KIND AS TO OFFER, FOR A
SMALL BIT OF ENTERTAINMENT?



WHY, I'D BE MIGHTY GLAD
TOO, BASTARD THAT IS
IF YOU HAD MY GARDEN
FOR ME I'LL TAKE
Y' ABOUT IN I'D SAY
BUT THAT'S ON FOUR HOURS
SLEEP AHEAD I BE READY
BY THAT TIME HERE I
TH' HAD GIT T' WORK

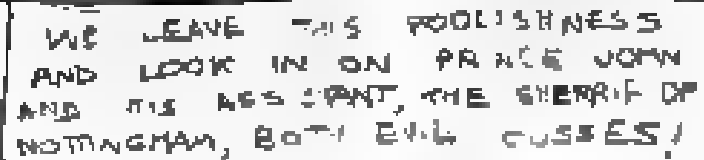
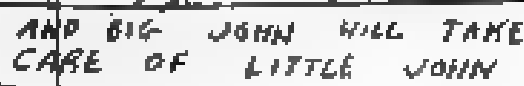
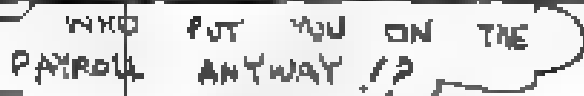
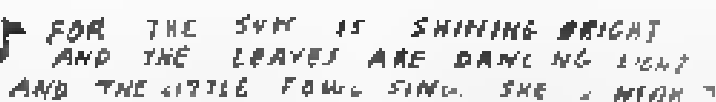
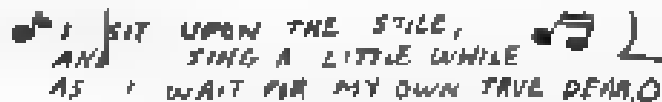


YOU DIDN'T THINK I
WAS GONNA FEED Y'
FOR NOTHING DID 'Y

FE

YUK!





WELL SHERR STOP LOOKING
AT THOSE OLD PHOTOS OF
ERROL FLYNN AND HELP ME
THINK OF A WAY TO CAPTURE
THAT RUBEN HOOD

DOGGANE MUSTACHE
WON'T STICK...
WON'T STAY ON.

EXCUSE ME, YOUR MAJESTY
WHILE I FETCH SOME PASTE
SO'S I CAN GET THIS FOOL
MUSTACHE TO STAY ON

HA

I'VE BEEN GIVEN THE
ROLE OF A VILLIAN IN
THIS PRODUCTION
AND IF I'M TO BE A VILLIAN
IT IS NATURAL THAT I
POSSESS A MUSTACHE

HMMMM THE JAR'S HALF EMPTY.
THE ROYAL COOK MUST BE USING
IT BY MISTAKE AGAIN FOR CAME
RECIPES

PASTE

ALLEN LEAF

SAY YOUR EXCELLENCY
YOUR MUSTACHE IS STARTING
FALL OFF...
YOU COULD USE SOME
PASTE YOURSELF

SPLOOP

ON WITH THE PLANS, DE LACY!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN SHERWOOD FOREST.

I'D BETTER PRACTISE UP ON MY ARCHERY SO'S I CAN STORM THE CASTLE SINGLE HANDED AND RESCUE THE BEAUTIFUL PAID NIP AN!



I, ROBIN HOOD, THE MIGHTY ARCHER, AMBLE TO SPLIT AN ARROW DOWN THE MIDDLE!!!



I, WHO MADE WAL DISNEY COME CRAWLING HAH



DOGGONE BOW!! DETESTABLE WEAPON! TRY TO DO ME IN, WILL YE!



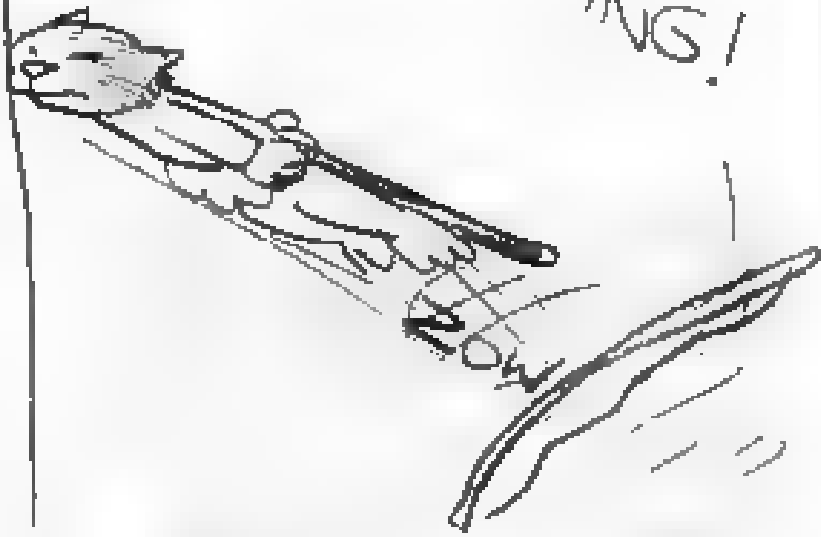
ARGH. THE VILE SNEAK TRAPPED ME!



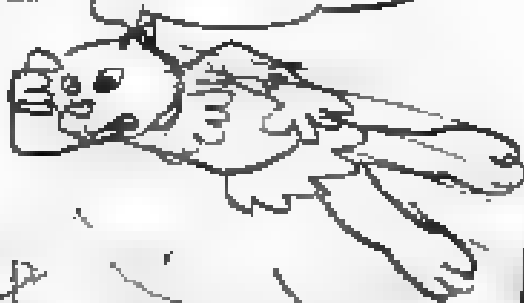
UGH! GET BACK
STAY WAY, BOW!



BOING!



GAD! I'VE BEEN
LAUNCHED!



ZOW!



WHY! I'VE LANDED IN THE CASTLE.
AND IN THE ROOM WHERE
MAID MARIAN WAS IMPRISONED!

MAID MARIAN, ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
THE AWFUL PRINCE JOHN
WAS IMPRISONED
ME HERE. YOU'VE
COME TO SAVE ME!



AAA! WE'VE GOT YOU NOW,
ROBIN HOOD.

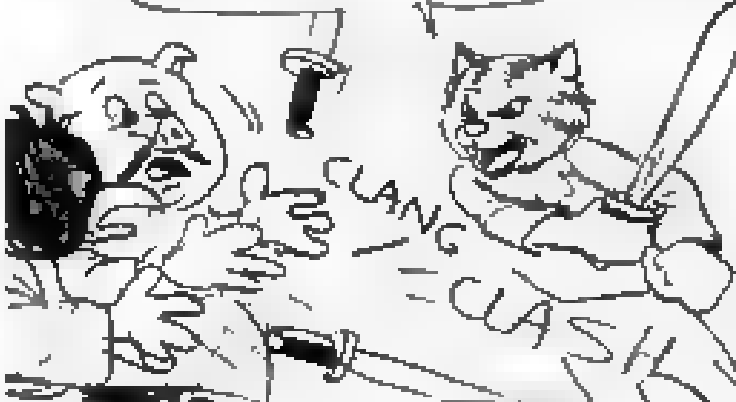


STAND BY WHILST
SEE THESE VILAINS,
MA'D MARRAN!

TO THE DEATH, M' LORDS!



HA! NOW, PREPARE TO
MEET YOUR END, KNAVES!

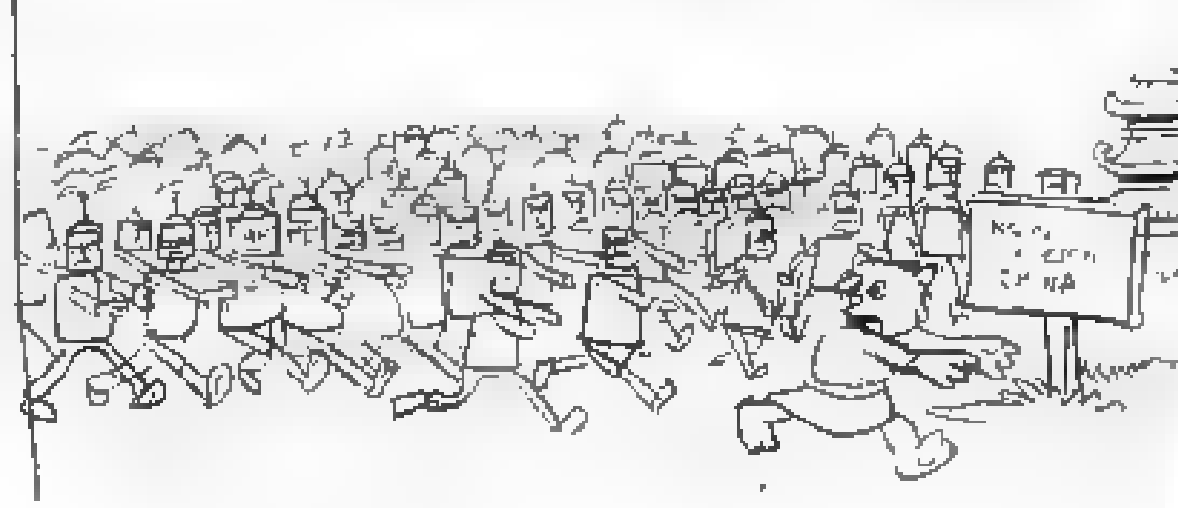


JUST A MINUTE I HAVE HERE
IN MY HAND A SMALL RECEIVER,
WHEN I PRESS THE BUTTON
A HUGE ARMY OF ROBOTS THAT WE
JUST FINISHED BUILDING, WILL COME
FORTH FROM A CAVE AND POUNCE
ON ANYONE I DESIRE IT TO!



SW, MY DASHING
FRIEND!

AND AS WE COME TO THE END OF OUR STORY



ROBIN HOOD



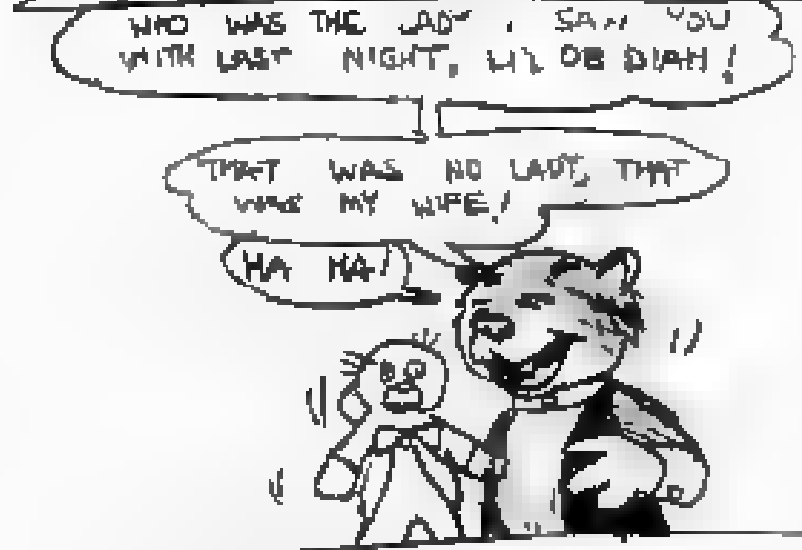
STARRING
 FRITZ THE CAT ... AS ROBIN HOOD
 MINERVA THE CHICK ... MAD MARIAN
 BLACKY CROW ... SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM
 HEAD THE PIG ... PRINCE JOHN
 FUZZY THE BUNNY ... A MERRYMAN
 BIG LOUIE ... LITTLE JOHN
 LITTLE LOUIE ... BIG JOHN
 ILLS
 A CAST OF THOUSANDS OF ROBOTS

R. CRUMB
 2 MARCH '80



OH! A BULLSEYE, ...
 BY JOVE





I GOT CHOKED UP, WELL ENOUGH OF THIS FOOL PUPPET NOW 'BOUT THAT MEAL NOW!!

GOOD SHOW MY FINE FELLOW SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT SUPERB

CLAP

TESSIE PURE GENIUS COME... YOU CERTAINLY EARNED YOUR SUPPER WITH THAT EXCELLENT DISPLAY OF TALENT AND SKILL COME TO MY ABIDE I'LL HAVE MY DEAR WIFE TYPY YOU UP A FISH DINNER.

YUM YUM!

MADAME, WE HAVE THE PLEASURE OF HAVING AS A DINNER GUEST A DISTINGUISHED PERFORMER. A STAR. A MR... AH... ER... WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

J.A.B.

FRITZ, SR, FRITZ THE CAT, EXPERT OF PHILOSOPHY, OR INMAN, AFTER DINING SPEAKER, AND POET, ESQUIRE! CHARMED TO MEET THE LITTLE WOMEN.

GRUNT

AM, MADAME, I'VE BEEN TOLD OF YOUR MARVELOUS COOKING, A NOBLE ART, THE PREPARATION OF VICTUALS. AM, YES, THERE SHE STANDS MY FRIEND, YOUR VERY WIFE, THE MODEL OF GOOD HOME ECONOMICS...

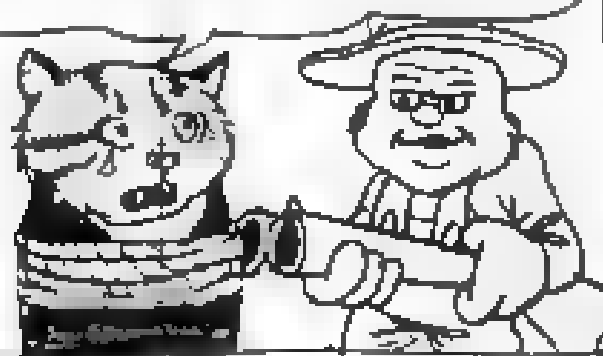
GRUNT

I PRESUME DINNER WILL BE SERVED SHORTLY AKA NEN

GRUNT...



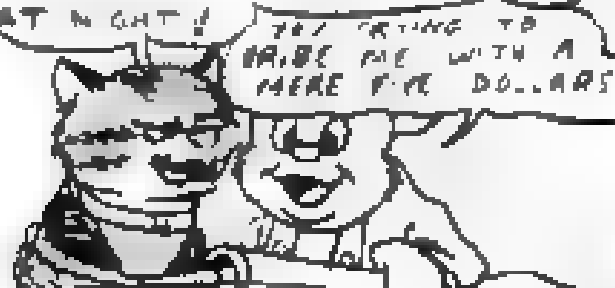
IF ALRIGHT, DEAR FRIEND,
CALL YOUR SHEPHERD, BRING
ON YOUR LAW, LET THEM
DRAG ME OFF TO JAIL
I REALIZE IT IS YOUR DUTY
AS AN HONEST CITIZEN TO BE.



A DIRTY, ROTTEN, NO-GOOD,
CHEAP, LOUSY, FILTHY, MEAN,
STINGY, CREEPY INFORMER.

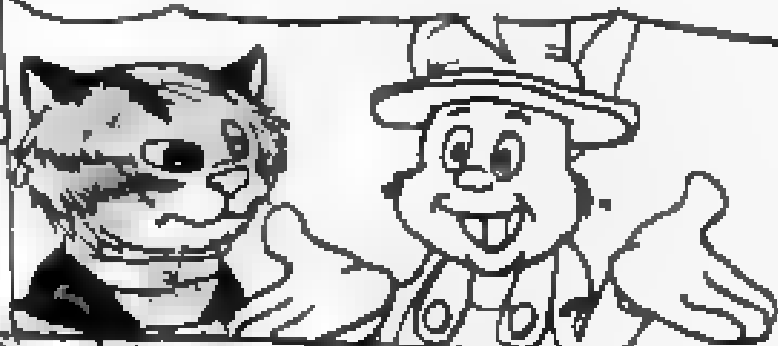


...NOW, PERHAPS A FIVE SPOT
WOULD CHANGE YOUR MIND.
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE AN
INFORMER DO YOU? WHAT WILL
PEOPLE THINK? YOU'LL LOSE
FRIENDS, YOUR CONSCIENCE WILL
BOTHER YOU. YOU WON'T SLEEP
AT NIGHT!



TRY TRYING TO
BRIBE ME WITH A
HERE FIVE DOLLARS

HAW. THAT'S O' GOOD 'UN
IMAGINE THAT. YOU TRYIN'
T' BRIBE ME WITH A
DAMN LOUSY FIVE BUCKS - ...
THAT'S RICH. - C'MON NOW
YOU CAN DO BETTER N' THAT.



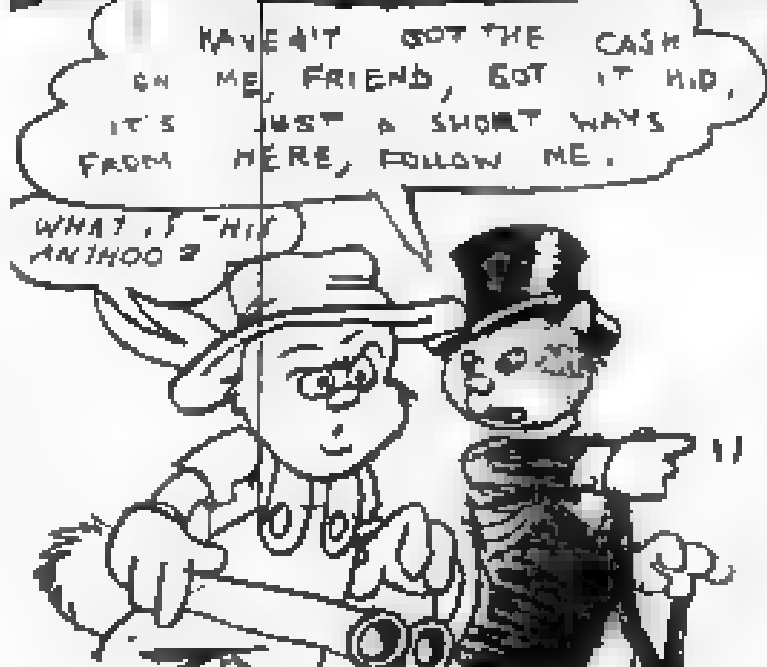
HELL TH' LAW
WILL AT LEAST REWARD ME
A NICE FAT FIFTY BUCKS
FER TURNING IN YOUR
MISERABLE HIDE

WELL, IN THE VIEW OF THE
PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES, I'LL
SUBMIT TO YOUR TERMS, HERE,
UNTIE ME, AND I'LL MAKE YOU
OUT A CHECK FOR A HUNDRED
DOLLARS!



A CHECK MY EYE.
WHAT DO YOU TAKE
ME FOR A FIRST
CLASS SUCKER





I AINT O' GOIN' IN
MORGAN WOODS. THOSE
WOODS IS HAUNTED
OL MAN JEREMIAH MORGAN
USED T' LIVE IN THOSE
WOODS. ONE NIGHT
AN INSANE MAN WHAT
WAS OFF HIS ROCKER
SAW AN' MORGAN'S
HOUSE HE CHOPPED
MORGAN'S HEAD OFF
WITH A BUTTER
KNIFE

NOW OL MAN MORGAN
HAINTS THOSE WOODS
ITS BEEN SAID THAT AROUND
MIDNIGHT WHEN THE MOON IS
ABOVE HIS FULL YI KIN GO
O' WALKIN' THROUGH TH' WOODS
HE SEE TH' SHU " O' JEREMIAH
MORGAN PAL N' ABT T'
HOLDIN' HIS HEAD IN
THS HANDS NO S.A.
YOU AINT G.T ME
GO IN
THOSE WOODS
UH UH

5000 PAY UP
RIGHT HERE A NOW
OR HE'LL GO BACK TO
TH' HOUSE
N' GET
FER TH'
SHERIFF

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE
AN IGNORANT AND S PERST S...
BACKWARD FARMER FOLK SH...
ENOUGH TO BELIEVE IN SUCH
FOOLISHNESS
AS GHOSTS!

ONE HUNDRED
BUCKS OR
TH' SHERIFF

BE MODERN, UP TO DATE!
DON'T YOU WANT TO KEEP UP
WITH THE TIMES? WHY WOULD
LOSE YOUR SOCIAL STATUS

OR, THEN AGAIN MAYBE YER
JUST A LITTLE SHARED O'
THOSE WOODS MAYBE YER
NOT EVEN AS F... AS YOU'RE
PROBABLY JUST A LONAR... M
GLAD I AINT AFRAID OF S...
TING AS SILLY AS AN OL WOODS,
LIKE S... W... T' DEEP
WOULD BE!

ONE HUNDRED
BUCKS OR
TH' SHERIFF

ONE HUNDRED
BUCKS OR
TH' SHERIFF

ONE HUNDRED
BUCKS OR
TH' SHERIFF

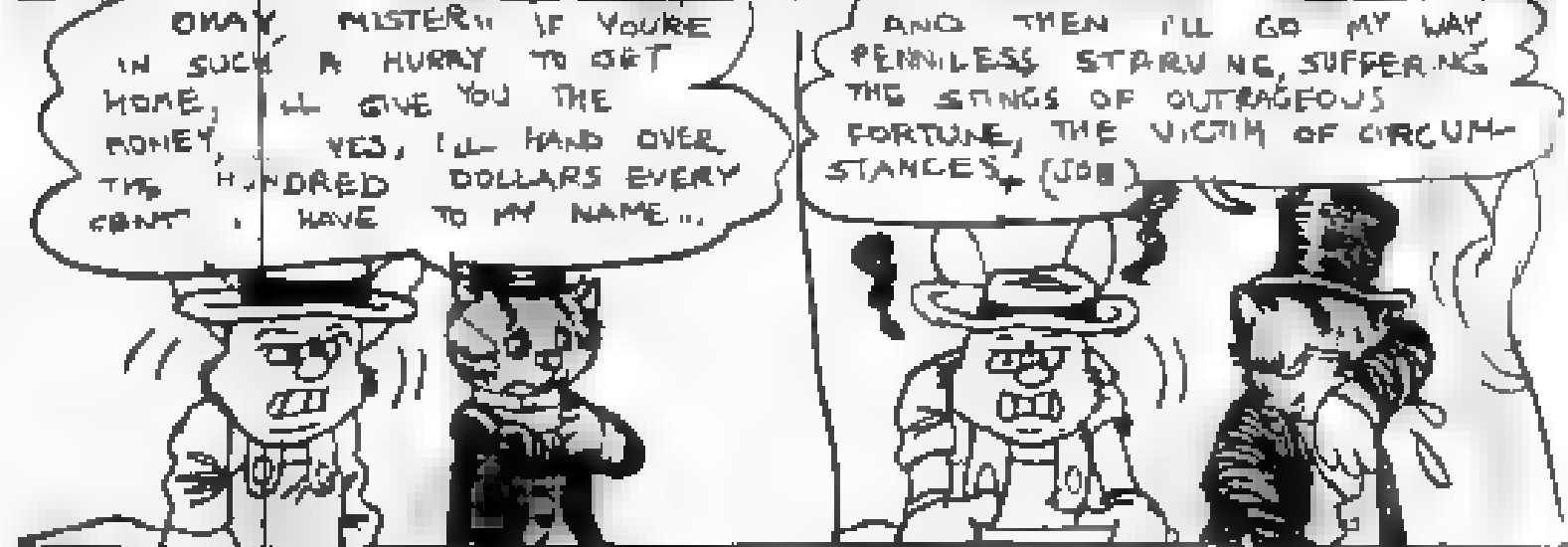
C'MAN... LET'S GO.
MAKE UP YER MIND...
TIME'S A WASTIN'...
TH' SHAKK WILL BE
COMIN' AROUND IN
A FEW MINUTES.
COUGH UP THAT
HUNDEAD YOU SAID
YOU WAS
GONNA PAY
ME

BESIDES IT'S GITTIN
DARK NEAR MIDNIGHT
N' THAT OL' GHOST
MIGHT COME 'D PUTTAIN
ROUND HERE N' I'D
KINDA LIKE T' GIT
BACK T' TH' HOUSE
N' LOCK TH' DOOR
N' BOLT TH'
WINDOWS.



OWAY, MISTER!! IF YOU'RE
IN SUCH A HURRY TO GET
HOME, I'LL GIVE YOU THE
MONEY, YES, I'LL HAND OVER
THE HUNDRED DOLLARS EVERY
CENT I HAVE TO MY NAME...

AND THEN I'LL GO MY WAY
PENNYLESS STARVING, SUFFERING
THE STINGS OF OUTRAGEOUS
FORTUNE, THE VICTIM OF CIRCUM-
STANCES. (JOB)



AND THEN, ONE DAY, WHEN
YOU, IN YOUR FINE CLOTHES AND
WARM HOUSE, WITH YOUR LOVING
WIFE COOKING YOU A DELICIOUS
BREAKFAST OF HAM AND EGGS
DOWN IN THE KITCHEN, YOU WILL
PICK UP YOUR NEWSPAPER, PIPING
HOT COFFEE IN HAND....

YES YOU WILL PICK UP THE
MORNING PAPER, AND ON THE
FRONT PAGE, IN BIG BLACK HEADLINES
THE WORDS WILL SCREAM OUT AT -
YOU 'FRITZ CAT, FAMOUS PHILOSOPHER,
AUTHOR, ARTIST, SHOWMAN (ESQ) OF -
DAY, DIES OF STARVATION'



YES, MY FRIEND, AND YOU CAN
THINK BACK THEN, THINK BACK
AND YOU'LL KNOW THAT IT WAS YOU,
YOU, WHO DID IT YOU WHO
WAS RESPONSIBLE



YOU (CHOK) YOU YOU
(SING)

70 80 90
100

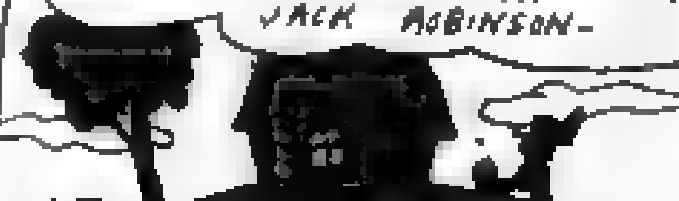
THANK,
SUCKER.



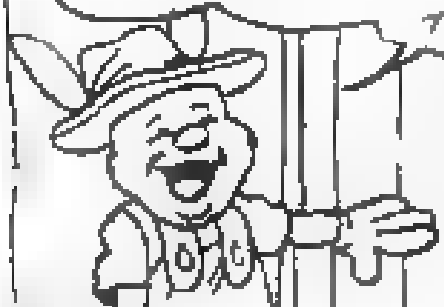
A HUNDRED DOLLARS.
A HUNDRED BUCKS.
I'VE NEVER HAD SO MUCH
MONEY... I'M LEAVE
THIS DOGGONE FARM
I KIN LEAVE TH' LAND
TH' HOEING, N' TH'
PLOWIN' N' TH' WEEDIN'



I'M TIRED O' WORKIN' N'
SWEATIN' LIKE O' STINKIN'
DOG ON TH' LAND... I'M
GONNA GO T' TH' CITY.
WHERE OPPORTUNITY N' FAME
N' FORTUNE AWAIT. I'LL
INVEST MY MONEY IN BANKS...
BIG BUSINESS... STOCKS...
I'LL GET RICH N' WEALTHY
QUICKER N' YOU CAN SAY
JACK ROBINSON.



N' I'LL DRIVE AROUND
IN A LIMOUSINE WITH A
CHUAFFER N' I'LL LIVE IN
A FANCY HOUSE ON A
GREEN HILL WITH SERVANTS
N' COOKS N' I'LL
WEAR A TAIL SILK HAT N'
A DIAMOND IN MY NECK
TIE...



WHERE Y'
GOIN' HARRY?
Y' AIN'T GONNA
LEAVE ME. AIN
Y' HARRY...?



I GOTTA GO
WOMAN. I'M
O' PACKIN MY
SUIT CASE N'
I'M O' LEAVIN'
I'M SICK O'
TH' LAND
N' I'M SICK
O' YIU
I'M O' GOIN
T' TH' CITY





GOOD THING I MADE A
CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN
FINDING MONEY IN HIDE-OUT PLACES
NUM RA 473 9 TO MY NAME
WATED 100,000 DOLLARS
D TO MAKE THE HARKS OF



HE PROBABLY DONT EVEN
KNOW THAT MONEY WAS IN
THERE HIS WIFE WAS PROBABLY
HOURDING - LEFT IT FOR A MINK
COAT OR SUMETHIN!



HERE COMES A CAR HOPE
CAN GET A RIDE IN
A JO-SURE AND MEAN!

SR GOOD EVENING WOULD YOU
BE SO KIND AS TO PICK UP
A HEAVY TRAVELER? IN SHORT
HOW ABOUT A RIDE, BUDDY?



GIT IN THE BACK N'
BE QUICK.



WELL IF IT AINT
MY OL BUDDY PAUL
FRITZ TH CAT.
HOWDY OL BUDDY

HEY WHERE'D YOU GUYS GET
ALL THAT CASH?

WELL Y SEE I
JES JOINED UP
WITH BLACKY CROW'S
GANG

WHY OL
D NE-
F-LEWEN



WH' WE JUST FINISHED A
ACCOM TH' CHEEVS JUNCTION
PIAST NAT'NAL BACK.

YEA THERE I WAS
WORKIN MY JET AWAY BUT
ABOUT A DAY 'TIL I GOT A
WEEK IN TH' CHEEY JUNCTION
CANNING FACTORY. THEN
ONE FINE DAY IT STRUCK ME
LIKE A BOLT O' LIGHTIN'
I SAYS T' MYSELF. THERE
MUST BE A BETTER WAY T'
MAKE O' LIVIN' - SEE!

IS IT WAS ONE NIGHT IN BLARTS
BILLARD PALOR THAT I MET MA
WAT WEASAL HERE..

HENDY
CRUM

SO WE HAD A GAME A
POOL N' O' FEW DANKS
N' WILLY TALKED ME INT
JOIN IN THE GAME

BLACKY CROW BY? 'E WAS
THE BACH ENEMY OF NERO
THE PIC, NERO WAS THE
LEADER OF A MOB, I WAS
HIS RIGHT-HAND MAN, HE
BOGT BLACKY
CROW

THEN NERO DISAPPEARED, AND HIS
GANG BUSTED UP... I GOT OUT
BEFORE THE COPS MOVED IN
NONE OF THE BOYS ARE S'W
AROUND, THEY IS S'WEN TO GET
THE CROW AND I AM A LITTLE
GOOD!

WHERE ARE YOU
HEADED? A CON'
BACK TO NEW YORK,
MYSELF!

WERE
O' GOIN
T' CHA
HIDOUT
IN TAIT
WE HAS
JUST ARRIVED

C'MON MEN. LET'S
GO INSIDE N' SCUM
UP TH' LOOT N'
SPLIT IT UP EVEN-STEVEN
AMONGST OURSELVES



WITH BE-CAUSE
OF MYSELF YOUR
BOTH F. O. T. S. E.
LARGE. I. M. A. L. R. E. N.
HE. N. E. E. D. I. S. Y. E. S.

WHO SA-ANIZED
DE OUTIT?

YOU DID?

WHO DOES
ALL TH' THINKIN' - ALL TH' BRAIN
WORK IN DIS OUTIT?

YOU, BOSS



WHO'S GOT THE R:BOT
ARMY THAT'LL POUNCE
ON ANYONE WHO HE
COMMAND. 'IM TOO
N' TEAR IM LITERALLY
TO PIECES.

BLAHY CAN I WAS YOU WHO HAD
NEED. BUMPED UP. C. YOU
FLTH' SCUM!

YOU DO.
BOSS

WHO GETS DE BIGGEST
CUT IN DE LOOT?

YOU DO.
BOSS

YOU BET
I DO.



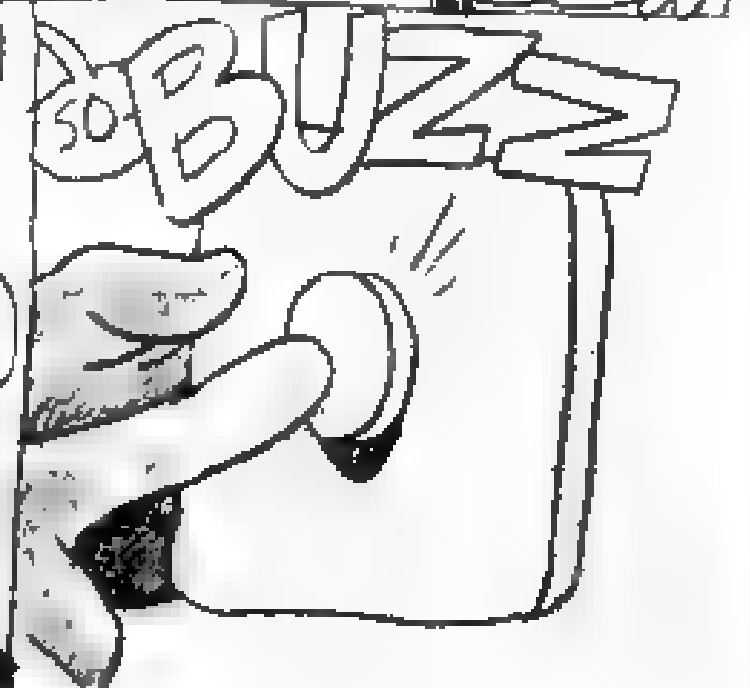
HAN HAN HAN..



GIVE ME THE TRANSMITTER
WILEY GIVE IT TO
ME. HAND IT OVER
HERE LET'S HAVE IT.
C'MON.

YEH, BUD.
I'LL GET IT





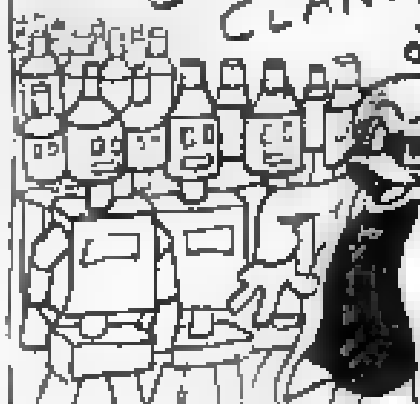
THERE COMIN' + LISSEN.
Y' KIN HEAR IM
SAY YER PRAYER,
FLEA FARM

CLANK -
CLANK -
CLANK
CLANK
CLANK



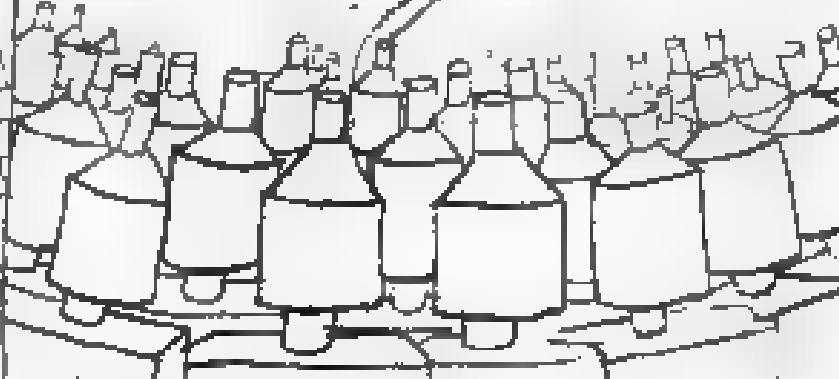
THERE HE IS FELLOW
G.T IM GRAB
IM. TEAR IM
VP. MANT
SHREDDED
WHEAT G.T IT
IM -

MAMMY!



HEY WAT FELLA'S
STAY AWAY FROM ME
IT IN CAT. NIT ME.
GIT AWAY...

NO. NOOD -
AIEEEE



WELL, GUESS THAT'S THE END OF
BLACKY CROW HE TAMPERED
WITH THE JARROHN, AND IT
DESTROYED HIM

THE REST OF YOU GUYS
WONT LAST MOREN A WEEK
WITHOUT BLACKY, HE WAS THE BRANS,
THE LAW NLL BE GET Y' / . OR
NERO'S GANG ... YOU'RE ALL
THROUGH. THROUGH, SEE?
THROUGH!





FUZZY THE BUNNY AND BROMBO THE PANDA
1953

R. CRUMB

22 JUNE 1959
TO M. PAULS

ALMANAC



DRINKING
DOESN'T
PAY

R. CRUMB

R. CRUMB

ALMANAC



R. CRUMB GOES TO NEW YORK

H. CRUMB

ALMANAC

MORE RECORDS!
MORE MONEY!



R. CRUMB

Animaliac

NO. 22

AUGUST 1, 1959



SEPT. 5, 1959

R. CRUMB'S NOTE to M. PAHL'S

AT LAST! OUR WORK IS
DONE / IT WAS WORTH IT, DON'T
YOU THINK?

.....JUST A
SECOND!



ARCADE

NO 4 MAY 1960



THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION OF 1960

ARCADE

NUMBER 5
JUNE 1960



R. CRUMB

ARCADE

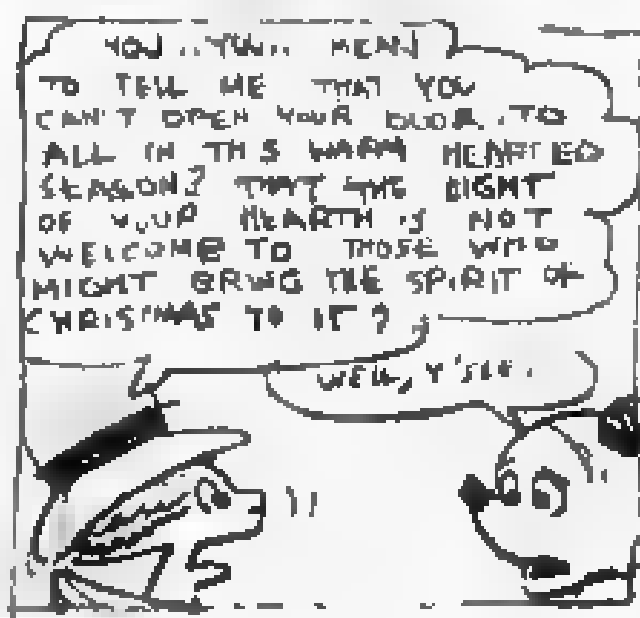
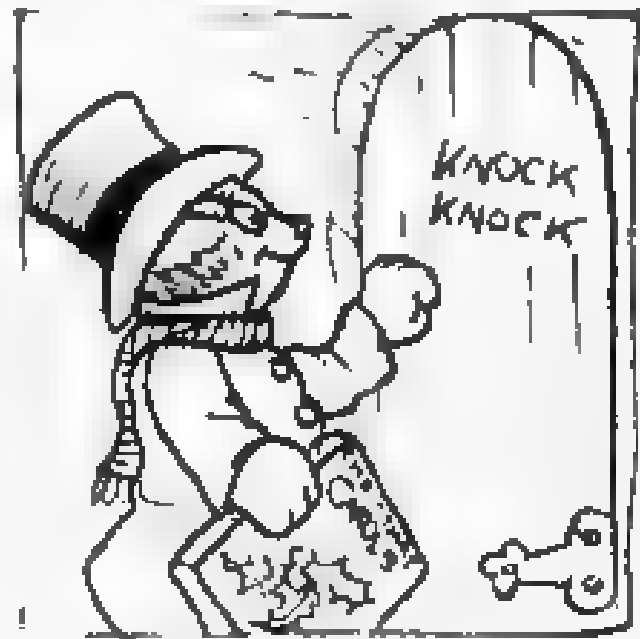
JULY 1960

NUMBER 70



A CHRISTMAS TALE

by
R. Crumb
AUTHORED AND ILLUSTRATED IN DECEMBER, 1960.





REPAIR MY FRIEND... I SHALL TAKE THE SHREW! I SHALL MAKE HER A GENTLE, LOVING MATE AS BE BAYS OF OLD.

DO DO BLUNT AND YOU CAN? I WOULD BE MOST CAREFUL, SIR!

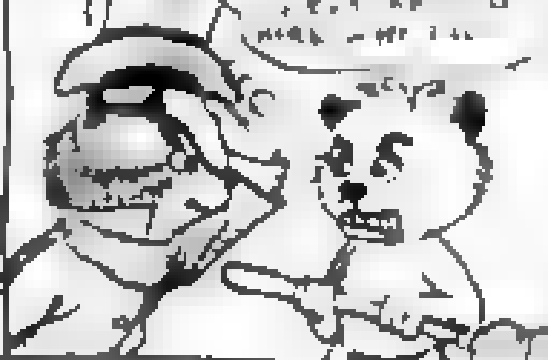
WOW! JUST WATCH! SHE'LL HAVE HER BEGGING TO YOU ON HER KNEES. SHE'LL BE PUTY IN YOUR HANDS BEFORE AN HOUR'S UP. I HAVE A WAY WITH FEMALES!

OH MY! YOU CAN, DO? DO TRY I ALAS! DO!

WELL, MAMAM I AM RIFE ON A MOUNTAIN OF GOOD WILL

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS

DO I HAVE TO SEE ALL THIS? I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY MORE!



NOT ANOTHER WORD! NOT MY MOTHER! WORD! YOUR MAMMIES DOESN'T BECOMING YOUR BEAUTY! AH, BUT I CAN'T BLAME YOUR POOR HUSBAND FOR BEING SO DEVOTED TO YOU, MOST CELESTIAL CREATURE!

I SAY, HOW COULD ANY MAN RESIST YOUR ENTHRALLING CHARM? A TRAGEDY IT IS THAT I FIND SUCH WONDERFUL FEMINITY LOWERING HERSELF TO THE WAYS OF A COMMON, VULGAR, CRUDE, AND EXHAUSTIVE FISHWIFE!

OH DEAR! I AM A FISHWIFE! MY, SOO!



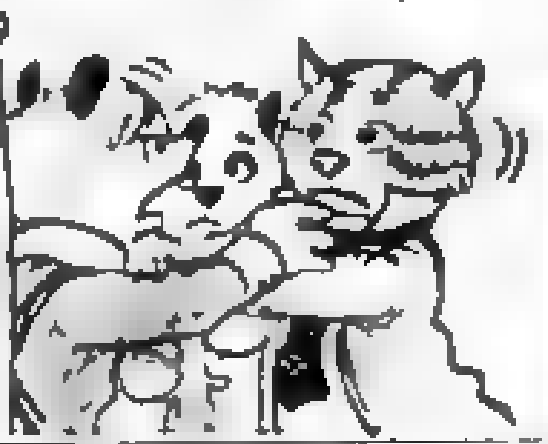
OH, BUT YOU MUST NOT MARRON ONLY FISHWIFE! JUST SHOW THAT YOUR CRUELTY HAS BROKEN THE HEART OF HIM WHO LOVES YOU BEST! IN THIS SEASON OF WINTER WE MUST ALL TRY TO HELP IF WE CAN! NO MORE, REVIVE OUR MARRON!

WE MUST LEARN TO LOVE AND MARRON BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE! LOVE IS THE BRIDGE OF EXISTENCE, & THE REASON FOR LIFE!

OH YES, LOVE IS A GOOD, SO GOOD, SO GOOD!

HEY FELLA!

END?



WHAT YOU TRYIN' TO DO,
BUST UP OUR MARRIAGE?
YOU'RE A HOME WRECKER!
A PLAYBOY! A G.G.I.D.O!
HEAR! HEAR!
YOU SKEEDS
BUT - BUT -

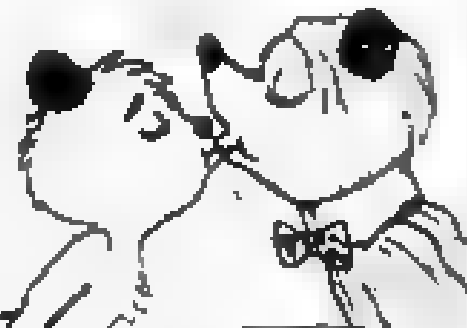


DON'T WORRY BEARST!
I'M HERE NOW, I'LL
PROTECT YOU FROM HARM
SHE'S A
SO WONDERFUL
WHAT CARED
HAS DOES
TO PEOPLE?



MAKES YOU
WANT TO MEND
THE OLD WOUNDS!
REUNITE OLD
HAPPINESS!
YES!
CHRISTMAS
IS INDEED
A GLORIOUS
OCCASION!

SHACK!



WELL I KNOW THAT
WE'RE ALL HALLS
AND THE WOULD BE
SHEEP OF SLAVERY
SUGGEST WE PROTECT THEM
TO SINGING CARDS IN THE STREETS!

NO, I AM NOT
THINKING SO, FOR THE OLD
MAN MY WIFE AND
I WOULD SORTA LIKE
TO SPEND THE EVENING
SINGING DE-DE-DE
I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND
THEM
CO YAN SO!

MERRY CHRISTMAS FEEL!
YES! MERRY
CHRISTMAS!
THEREWISE,
AND A MERRY
NEW YEAR!



HEARD THE BOY, WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
OH! JUST SITTING
WAITING HE ASKED
THINKING OF WHAT I'M
GONNA NOT SANTA CLAUSE
FOR NEXT CHRISTMAS
NEXT YEAR THUMB?

OH YUH. I ALREADY
TOOK HIM WHAT I WANTED
THAT CHRISTMAS NEW
WITH PIGS IN WHAT
I'VE GONNA ASK HIM FOR
NEXT YEAR?
WOULD YOU BE TO
GO TO SOME CAROLS
SINGING WITH ME, LITTLE
BOY?



ARCADE



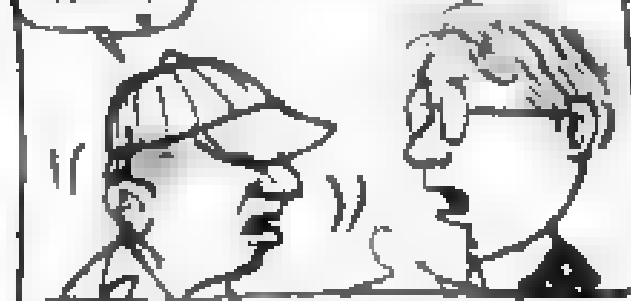
COMIC STRIPS

HEY, FELLA, LOOKA THAT
HOT ENGINE, WILLY!
'HEE Z I LOOKA THERE!
BOY THA'S REALLY HOPPED
UP, BWAAH!



THIS HOT ENGINE OF
YOURS, MY FRIEND, IS
SHALLOW AND MEANINGLESS,
IT IS THE SYMBOL OF THE
MECHANICAL MENTALITY WHICH
IS PREVALENT OUR
COUNTRY!

HUH?



YES! THIS SHOWS THE DECLINE
OF CULTURAL DEVELOPMENT
AND A TENDENCY TOWARD
DEGENERATION & THE
MENTALITY OF OUR SOCIETY!

WHATTA FELLA
YOU TALKIN ABOUT
FELLA?



THIS, SHALL WE CALL
IT PASSION YOU HAVE
FOR AUTOMOBILES IS THE
VERY ESSENCE OF IGNORANCE,
& DETERIORATION OF VALUES
CAUSED MAINLY BY THE RISE
OF THE PLUTOCRATIC CLASS
IN AMERICA.

WHY DON'T YEW
SHUTCHA GODDAMN
FAT MOUTH FELLA!



YOU NEED MECHANICAL
POWER TO MAKE UP FOR
YOUR LACK OF...

I SAID SHUT
UP, YOU BASTARD!

OOF!



INS DE, HE KNOWS I'M THE
ONE WHO REALLY WON
THAT FIGHT!



THREE LITTLE BOYS



WOW! LOOK IT THAT ONE,
WOTTA BUILD!
WOTTA SHAPE!

YOU SAID
IT, NAN! BUT
SHE GOT
PLENTY!

TEAM!



TURN THE PAGE! LETS
SEE THE NEXT ONE..

THERE, GEE,
LOOK AT TH SIDE
OF THOSE TITTS,
BWAAH!!

NAN, I LIKE TA
SEE HER IN BED!



YEAH? I WID ONE LIKE THAT
IN BED OTHER NIGHT.

AH, YOU GODDAM
LYER! YOU NEVER
EVEN BEEN NEAR A
BITCH LIKE THAT!

HE'S SHUTUP!
SOME BODY'S
COMING!



WHAT ARE YOU LITTLE
BOYS DOING?

"THE PRINCE OF
CUMBERLAND THAT IS
A STEP ON WHICH I
MUST FALL DOWN, OR
ELSE OVERCAME IN
MY WAY IT LIES"...
OH WE'RE JUST READING
SHAKESPEARE, MAMM!



MY 'MY' IT MAKE ME SO
HAPPY TO SEE LITTLE BOYS
READING SHAKESPEARE. I
SHALL NEVER LOSE MY FAITH
IN AMERICA'S YOUTH, NO MATTER
WHAT ANYBODY MIGHT SAY..



SHE'S GONE NOW! HEY, LOOK!

HER, WHERE THE
HER DID YOU
LEARN THAT?

IT'S FROM
"MACBETH"
I JUST SUKTA
PICK IT UP.

YOU MEMORIZE
SHAKESPEARE?
BY WHATA
SQUARE! TEAM, WHY
DONT YA GET
LOST TAKE OFF
OPPD!

THE ADMIRER

BY R. CRUMB

HER FACE IS A THING OF
DAZZLING BEAUTY! HER FEATURES
ENTHRALL ME! HER CHARM IS
ANGELIC! A WONDER OF NATURE!



HER EVERY GESTURE! HER
EVERY MOVEMENT IS SOMETHING
TO BEHOLD! HER SMILE LIGHTS
UP THE UNIVERSE! HER EYES
ARE MORE PRECIOUS THAN
DIAMONDS!



AN URGE SWELLS WITHIN MY
HEART TO PARTAKE OF
THIS BEAUTY! A FORCE THAT
IS LIFE ITSELF COMPELS ME
TO COMMUNICATE WITH HER!
I MUST KNOW HER! I'VE GOT
TO MEET HER!



ETERNAL BLISS WILL BE
MINE IF I CAN BRING OUR
SOULS TOGETHER AS ONE!
HEAVEN AND EARTH WILL BE
OURS TO SHARE...USE TACT,
BWAH!



AM... HI THERE! I NOTICED
YOU SITTING HERE ALL ALONE,
AND SO I... UM...THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT ENJOY SOME COMPANY,
SO I CAME OVER!

SURE PAL I'ST
DOWN! I WAS
JUST HAVIN' A
DRINK!



SAY, LISTEN! I HATE THIS
CRUDDY DUMP! I GOT A REAL
CUTE APARTMENT...WHY DON'T
WE BUY A COUPLA BOTTLES
AND GO ON OVER THERE! IT'S
JUST DOWN TH' STREET AN...

SIGH...NATURE HAS
FLAWS, I FIND!



ON MAJOR MAGS

OH BOY! THIS LATEST ISSUE OF "GODIN TV SECRETS" REALLY HAS SOME EXCITING ARTICLES... LOOK AT THIS ABOUT JIZ AN' EDDIE... GEE!

INDEED! THOSE ABOUT MAGS ARE NOthin' BUT BAW!



OH! AND HERE'S A STORY ABOUT DEBBIE'S MARRIAGE TO HARRY KARL! BY DEBBIE HERSELF, AS TOLD TO LANCE SMURD! DEBBIE'S SO SWEET! I DON'T LIKE THAT HARRY KARL'S LOOKS...

THE WAY SHE GOBBLES IT UP! IT'S BITE A... THAT STUFF IS ALL HIS HAIRY CITY!



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S REALLY A SHAME THAT LUV'S NOT MARRIED? IT SAYS HERE HE'S SECRETLY ENGAGED! GOSH! I WOULD HAVE BEEN WITH HER! WHO THE HELL COULD STOP THAT!

SHE REIMS THAT TRIFE! IT'S BAW! -



ISN'T IT EXCITING? I MEAN HARRY AND SANDRA'S LIVING AND ALL! OH! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT - THEY MAKE SUCH A SWEET COUPLE THOUGHT!

HEA PWA! SHE'S BEING CORRUPTED, DEGENERATE, DISTILL - LUSIONED! ITS TRAGIC!



SHE'S THE VICTIM OF THIS CHAOTIC SOCIETY WE LIVE IN! AN INFERNO LAMB IN THE CLAWS OF CREEDY WOLVES! IT MAKES MY HEART ACH FOR HER!

CLAMP! IT SAYS HERE THAT FAN AN IS NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! OH, THAT'S AWFUL!



SQA

HEY... COME NOW IT ISN'T THAT BAD! IT'S NOTN' AS AWBUT! MY GOSH! I'M SURE HE'LL GET OVER IT! AW



THE ART MUSEUM

OH! DEGAS! BEAUTIFUL!
SUCH POWER! OBSERVE THE
RICHNESS OF COLOR! THE
BALANCE!



AM YES!

LASTEC! NOW THERE'S
MY BOY! "CHILPERC"...SUCH
SWEETING FORM!...MILLIANE
OF COLOR! FLEETING OF
LIGHTS AND DARKS!



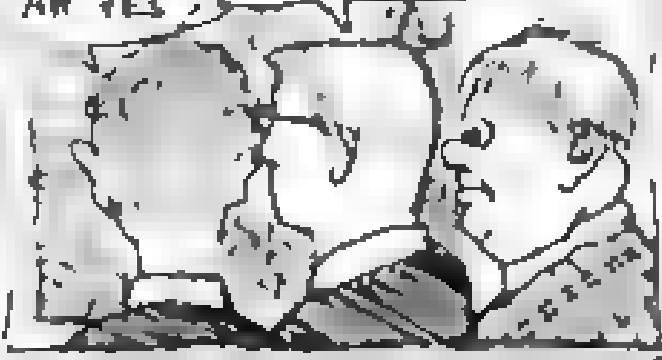
AM YES!

ROUSSEAU! LOOK AT THE
FEELING IN THAT! THE BURN-
ING LOVE THAT IS EXECUTED
SO BEAUTIFULLY IN THE BRUSH-
WORK!



AM YES!

VAN GOGH'S "A STARRY
NIGHT"...EVERY STROKE IS A
MOMENT OF SUFFERING! EVERY
SHAPE AND FORM IS AN OUTLET
FOR HIS INNER STRIPES!



AM YES!

SAY, DIDJA EVER SEE
THAT SWELL PICTURE BY
NORMAN ROCKWELL OF THE

NORMAN ROCKWELL!



GUESS I'LL GET A
HAMBURGER!



COMIC by STRIP R. CRUMB

FOR CHRISTMAS! A TEST TOMORROW!
I FORGOT ALL ABOUT IT!
TAKE CHARGE!



OH GOD... HMM HMM. MM.
STRESS. DON'T KNOW A SINGLE
ANSWER ON THIS STUPID TEST (GOD!
I WENT TO BED LAST NIGHT
'STEAD OF GOIN OUT!?)



WELL FLUNK THIS TERM FOR
SURE NOW! 'N THEN 'LL CATCH
HELL FROM MOM 'N DAD 'N I'LL
GET A BIG LECTURE FROM THE
TEACHER ON HOW I'VE GOT TH'
ABILITY (WHICH OF COURSE I DO)
BUT DON'T USE IT, AND THEN
TH' PRINCIPLE WILL CALL UP MY
PARENTS AN TELL 'EM HOW I'M IN
DANGER OF FAILING THE YEAR



AN' THEN THEY'LL CUT OFF MY
ALLOWANCE 'N PUT ME ON RE-
STRICTION 'N I WON'T BE ABLE
TO TAKE KATHY OUT AN'...



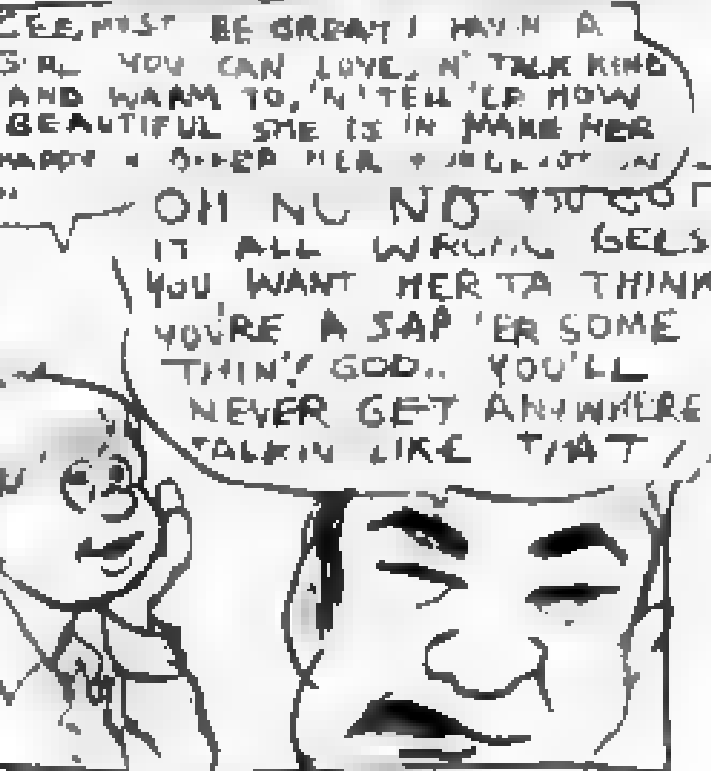
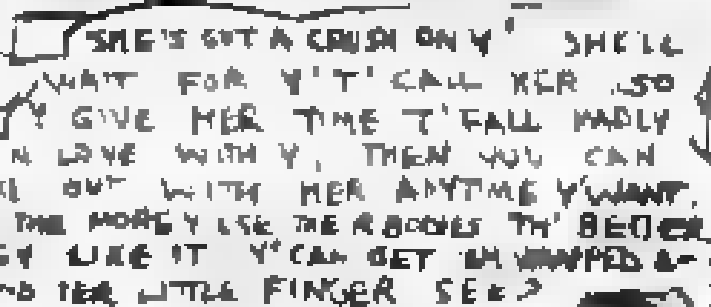
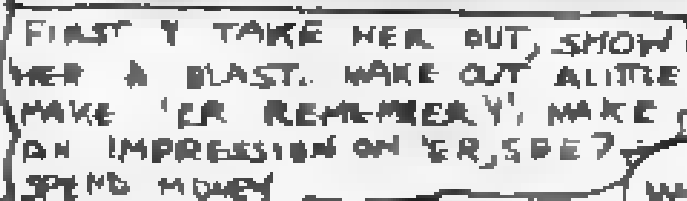
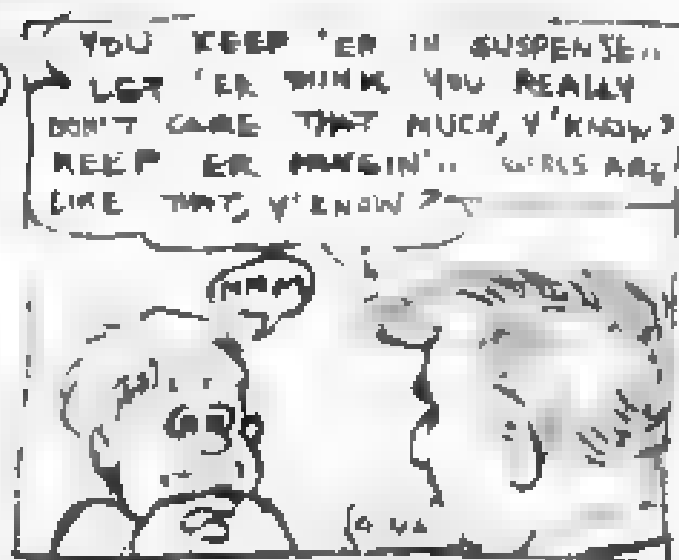
AMH ME!



WHAT A GIAL!

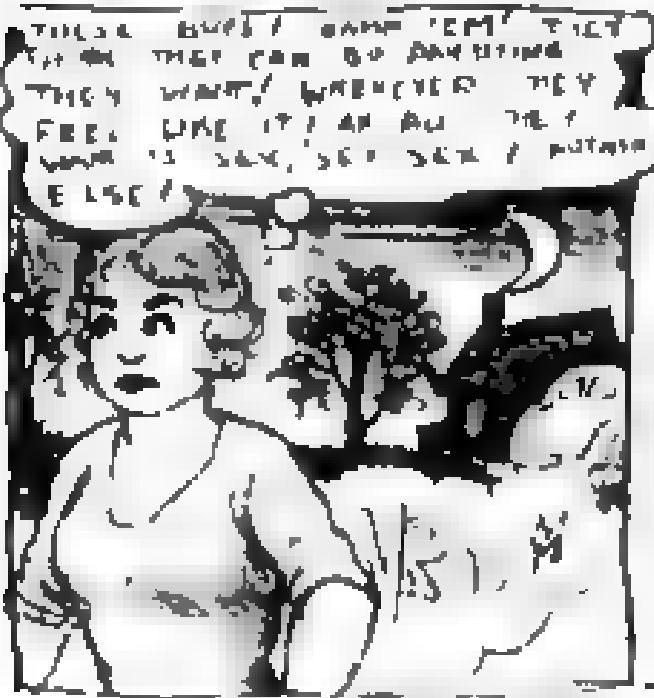
3 MAY
1961





A COMIC STRIP BY R. CRUMB

AN ABSOLUTE UNWARRANTED
OF "GIRLAGE FEMALE", WHICH
IS RISKY BUT WRONG.
12 MAY 1961



COMIC STRIP BY R. CRUMB

IF THE BOMB'S EXPLOSION
IS BIG ENOUGH TO
SHAKE THE TOWN

TO KNOW IF IT IS HE
WITH SHEER TERROR! THE
HORRIBLE BLINDING FLASH!
THE SHARPLY BURNING WAVE
OF HEAT, THE EAR-SPALTING
EXPLOSION

DIE HILARIOUSLY HUMAN LIES,
HOUSES, TREES, FLOWERS
COGS, CATS & KIDS MELTS

PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING
SCREAMING ABOUT BOMBS BEING
IN THE RUINS THIS SARIAN
TOWN MOB VIOLENCE & THE
HUNT FOR FOOD & FOOD

ALL THE PEOPLE KILL AND
LONG DIED SUFFERING

EH? WHAT'S THE
HERE NOW THE SARIAN
MURDER

GOD WOULD I GO TO
FOR THE SOUL

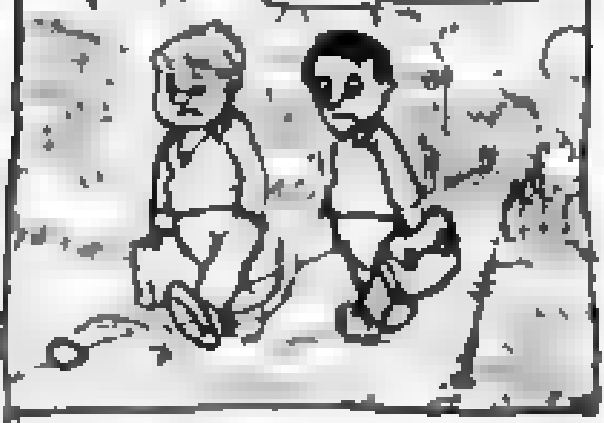
IN A HURRY AND
SILENCE THAT SEEMS
TO BE THE END

IN ALSO
THEY ARE
FALLING

COMIC STRIP BY A CRUMB - 13 MAY 1961

WELL, BACK TO SCHOOL FOR ANOTHER WHOLE WEEK! I ALWAYS HATE IT 'TIL MOST ON MONDAY!

YEAH, ME TOO!



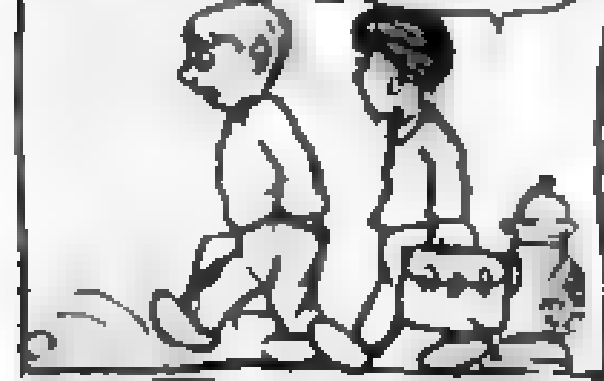
THAT OL' GRAB ME BEGGES IS ALWAYS PICKIN' ON ME! ONE TIME SHE KEPT ME IN 'AT RECESS, AND BEAT ME IN THE BACK AS HARD AS SHE COULD!

OO SHE?



I TOLD MY MOTHER AN SHE WENT DOWN TO SCHOOL TA SEE HER MISSES ABOUT IT

WHY HAPPEN?



OL' LADY BEGGES SAID I WAS HARD TO DISCIPLINE AND ALL THAT STUFF BUT MOM REALLY TOLE HER OFF GOOD!

OO SHE?



YOU SHOULD'VE BEEN THERE! MOM CALLED HER A FRUSTRATED OL' MAID-AN' WALKED OUT... IMA HAD I WAS STANDIN' OUTSIDE THE ROOM WATCHIN' TH OL' WITCH DIDNT KNOW I WAS THERE 'A SHE STARTED CRYIN' HA HA HA

GOSH



HA HA HA HA HA GEE! MISS BEGGES CRYIN'! BOY! I WISH I'D SEEN IT! BOY! THAT'S SOMETHIN'!



COMICS
STORY
PAGES

HELL, SIR, AFTER NINE YEARS OF ISOLATED STUDY AND METICULOUS LABOR, MY CONTRIBUTION TO HUMANITY IS COMPLETE... AND ANOTHER "FIRST" FOR THE U.S.A.!



PATIENCE, AMERICA, PATIENCE! HISTORY IS BEING MADE BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES, SAFF KINS! BOY, WHEEL IT IN HERE, AND IN SO GOING BRING ON A NEW AGE!



AND NOW, HERE, TODAY, MAY 13, 1961, THE UNVEILING OF WHAT WAS BUT A DREAM UNTIL TODAY... THE ULTIMATE ACHIEVEMENT OF CENTURIES OF HOPE AND DREAMS (REPEATING THE CLOTH BAY)



A BEHOLD, AMERICA... FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS, THE SYNTHETIC MAN!



HE WALKS, TALKS, EATS, AND YES HE EVEN WEARS A SUIT! THE HIGH TO CIVILIZATION! I TELL HIM ADAM II, I CAN TALK TO HIM! SMILE FOR US, ADAM II!



I SAID SMILE, ADAM II! AND COME ON! I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT, ADAM II! DON'T BE SHY! SMILE! PLEASE SMILE!



"IT'S AMAZING, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THINK OF IT! THE SYNTHETIC MAN, PRODUCED BY A MASS LABOR, CAN PERFORM ALL THE BODILY LABORS OF THE WORLD. THE MENTAL TASKS THAT HAVE BURDENED MANKIND UNTIL THE GREAT DAY!



RUSSIA WON'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST US NOW! WE CAN SEND SHIPLOADS OF THESE SYNTHETIC MEN TO THE YOUNG NATIONS! GAIN BACK OUR LOST PRESTIGE! WIN FRANCHISE FOR DEMOCRACY! MAKE MONEY!



THINK OF IT, AMERICANS! NO LONGER WILL WE HAVE TO WASTE ENERGY ON LONELY LABORS. NOW EVERY WISH IS THE SYNTHETIC SLAVE'S COMMAND! EVERY MAN CAN SPEND HIS LIFE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, ON THE GOLF COURSE, OR AT THE BEACH!



YOU LADIES. JUST CONSIDER! THIS MAN YOU ARE DESTINED TO COMPLETE EMANCIPATION FROM HOUSEHOLD SLAVERY! THE FRUSTRATION, THE BURDEN OF OVERWHELMING HOUSEWORK IS A THING OF THE PAST!



WHY THE SYNTHETIC MAN HAS WORLD WIDE SIGNIFICANCE. HIS INCEPTION WILL PROVE TO END ALL WARS, END HUNGER, STARVATION, IGNORANCE. THE DAY OF THE UTOPIA IS AT HAND! HEY!



BWOM!

IT'S ALL BECAUSE HE
TAMPERED WITH THE
MACHINE!

YES! HIS OWN
GENIUS LED TO
HIS DESTRUCTION!



OH! LOOKS LIKE I'M TOO LATE FOR THE
GRAND UNVEILING OF ADAM II. IT'S ALL
OVER!

"CERTAINLY IS!"



HOW DID IT GO?

LET TELL YOU HOW IT WENT!
BWOM! THAT'S HOW IT
WENT. THE THING EXPLODED LIKE
A BALLOON, SCARED EVERYONE AWAY,
THEN, AS IF BY THE HAND OF SATAN,
HIMSELF - **BWOM!** AND THE END
OF ADAM II.



TSK TSK TUDUM! THE PROJECT HAS
BEEN SUCH A FAILURE!

FAILURE? FAILURE? MY
FRIEND, NEVER SAY DIE!
THAT'S MY MOTTO! AND, OR
IF A FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED,
ETCETERA, ETCETERA!



ONLY A FEW SLIGHT
MISCALCULATIONS TO IRON OUT.
NO OBSTACLE IS TOO GREAT TO OVERCOME!
MY LIFE IS GIVEN TO THE CAUSE! THE
UTOPIA IS AT HAND, MY FRIEND! MARKING
STANDS ON THE BRINK OF PARADISE! THE SYNTHETIC
MAN IS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS! CONSIDER,
IF YOU WILL, MY FRIEND, THE GREAT POTENTIAL...

GAK!



WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



WHAT AM I CONVERSATING ON THE
STREETS? THIS WILDEST THINGING?
WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?



WHAT AM I AND ALL THIS PEOPLE,
I HAVE A FEELING OF BEING IN A
MISTERY



WE ARE ALL IN THE FORMER
WE ARE ALL IN THE FORMER
WE ARE ALL IN THE FORMER



B-O-J! DOWN WITH
THE RUCING! B-HH!

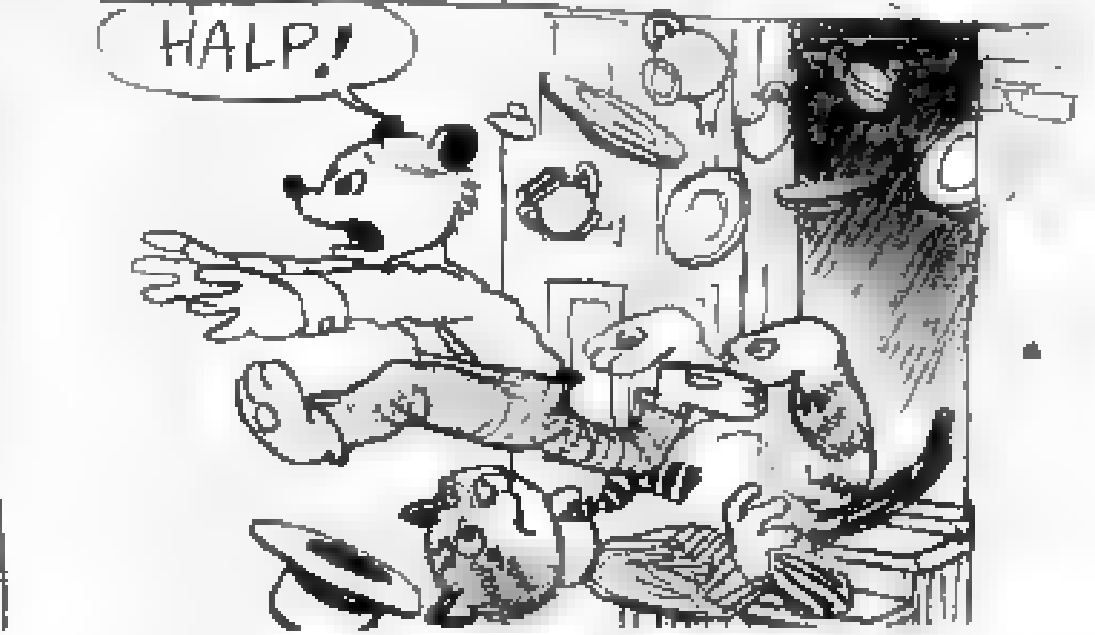


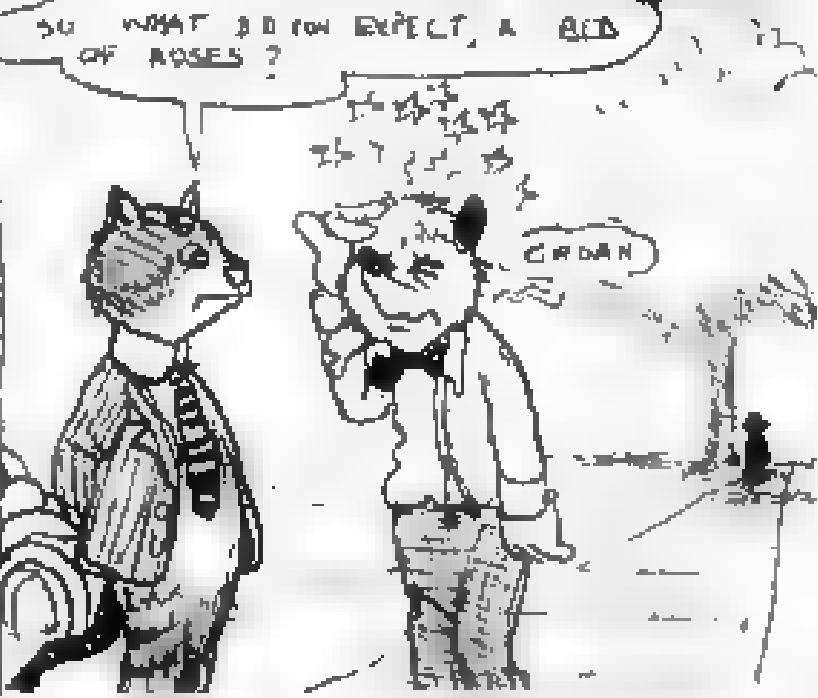
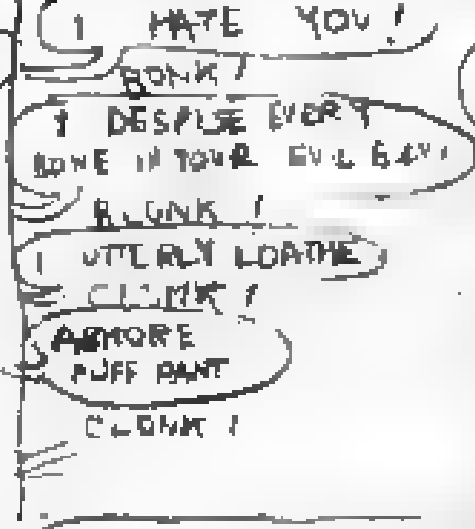
SOMETIMES I THINK OF ME TO GO
LIVE IN A CASE IN THE MOUNTAINS AND LIVE
ON WILD BEARLIES AND GUNLIES AND
AND SEEK THE TRUTH



12 JUNE 1967

FAITZ, THE CAT, SNIFF THE PANDA, FLOSBY THE PANDA AND OTHERS IN
R. CRUMB'S ANIMAL TOWN COMICS





OH BEACH ME BEACH ME WE WERE SUPPOSED TO GO ON A PICNIC TODAY, WEREN'T WE?

OH YES MY DEAR OLD FRIEND... THIS FINE MAY MORNING WAS THE DATE WHO EVER I MY HEARTY REGRET FOR COMING OVER JUST NOW...



BUT AFTER THE HOLOCAUST WHICH I HAVE JUST WITNESSED, IT APPEARS THAT THAT IDIOT DEEM WILL HAVE TO BE GIVEN UP TO THE STERNER FACE OF REALITY!!

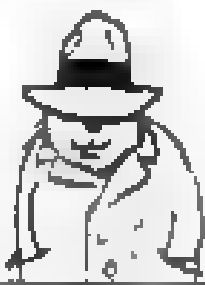
NAMELY, MY A F K I



SAY! THAT'S MY DEPARTMENT HEAD AT THE COMPANY COMIN' DOWN THE STREET... MR. DEEM! THEY'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT GIVING ME A PROMOTION AND A RAISE ON THERE WHAT A TIME FOR HIM TO SHOW UP

OH, HI THERE MR DEEM!

EN FF / D ON AND N
Y L L ED N TH S
NE GUE I MOOD! GOOD - I
HI YOU FELLA!



WHY, IF IT ISN'T MR. DEEM HOW NICE TO SEE YOU! SHIFF AND I WERE JUST SAYING HOW WUNDERFUL IT WOULD BE IF HE COULD GET TOGETHER SOMETIME FOR A BEACH PARTY!

SHIFF'S SO FULL OF FUN, YOU KNOW, SOMETIMES JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT I'LL DO WITH HIM! GIGGLE GIGGLE! BUT HE REALLY IS SMART, YOU KNOW! AND SUCH A HEAD FOR BUSINESS, I'M TELLIN' YOU! TH WE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!



REALLY
WELL NOW BEAT
THAT!

SN + IAT MADE JODLES AND BODIES
OF THE BY IN THE SUE VAPET,
WHEN + YOU SNIFT?

WHY DIDNT YOU TELL ME, SNIFT FELLA
BEEN HOLDIN OUT ON ME ENT YOU KNOW
AN IAS DEAR, MONIE?

HE KNOWS JUST
EVERYBODY N THE SCOR
B'S ESS DINT YOU DEAR

WELL,
FUM

ROTH



EXCEPT IVE BEEN TALKING OF
A S + F + I + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
A S + F + I + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
DEAR, REUSE CO THE MA. OL COMPANY
MAY + D + I + T + V + E?

WHILE + TWO ARE TALKING R. ESS
WILL GO GET THE PINE LUM
? OKAY DEAR?

YEH YOU DO

WELL, SEE
THIS S NO PLACE
FOR A WOMAN MEMBER



HOW CAN I SEE B.S MAY
NOT BE A WOMAN + F ADVANTAGE
OF + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
A S + F + I + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
A S + F + I + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
PICKED UP THE SNIFT + T + H + M + P + A + T + A + L + Y
AT A HUNTING ON S + D + I + T + V + E

WHY DIDNT YOU TELL ME, SNIFT FELLA
BEEN HOLDIN OUT ON ME ENT YOU KNOW
AN IAS DEAR, MONIE?

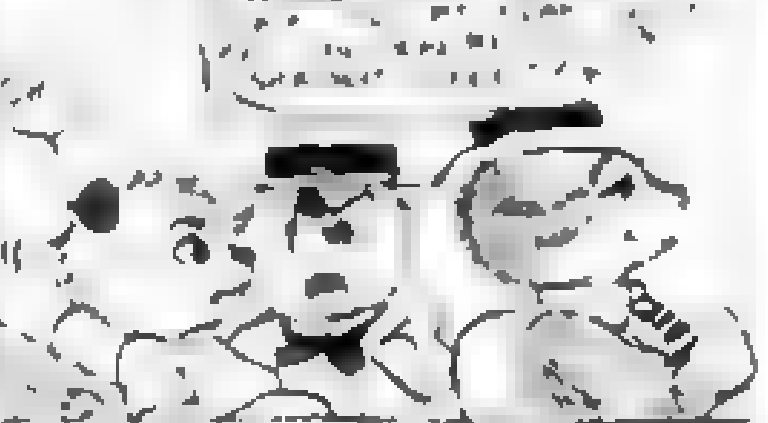
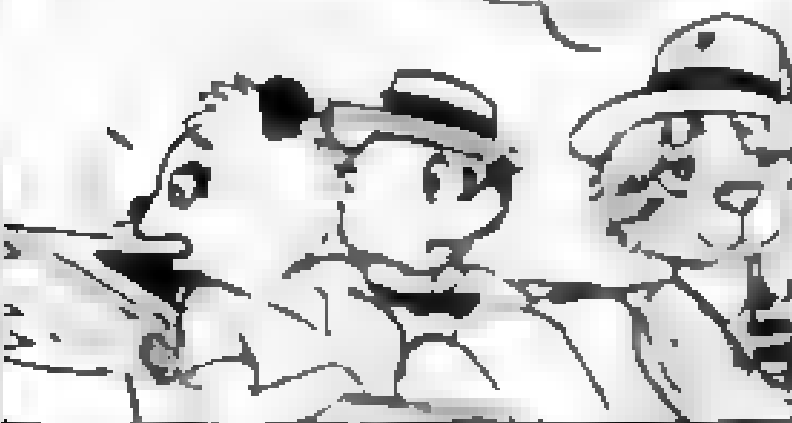


A black and white cartoon illustration. On the left, a small dog with a flower in its ear is looking up at a man. The man, on the right, is wearing a suit, a bow tie, and a fedora. He has a speech bubble above his head that says "YEAH".

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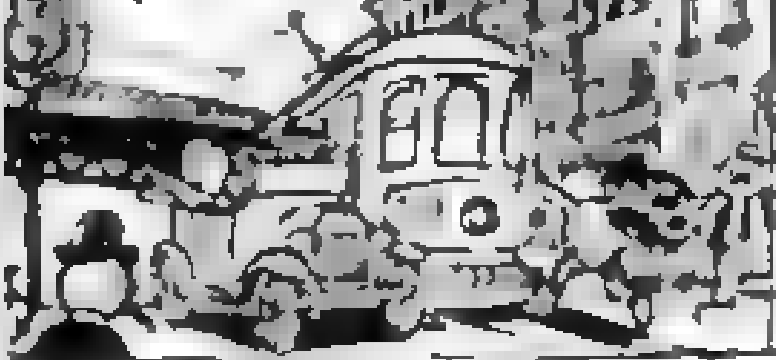
WELL, WE'RE IN GOOD LUCK
TO FIND THE GIRL I'VE
WANTED FOR SO LONG

DIDN'T YOU REMEMBER I'D
TO FIND THE GIRL I'VE
WANTED FOR SO LONG



WELL, HERE'S SHIVER STREET, ALREADY!

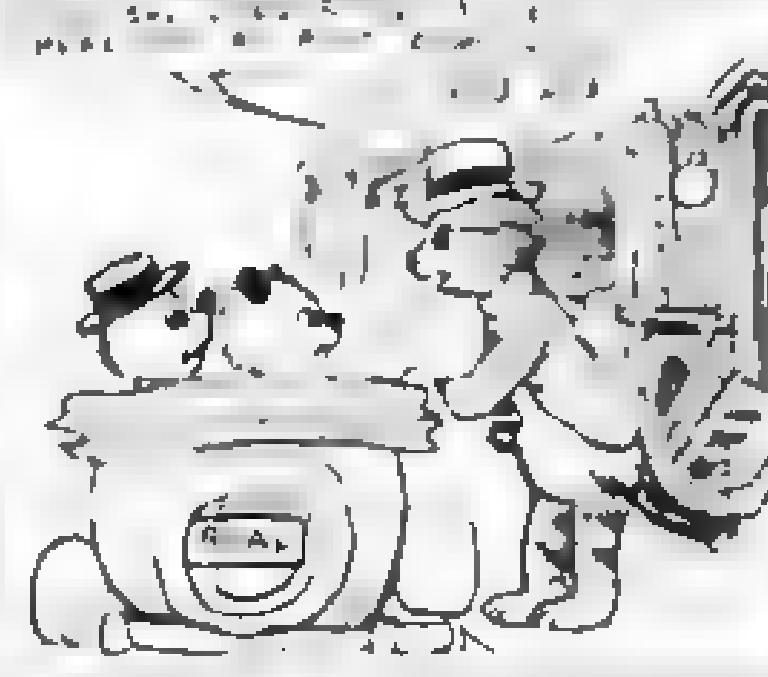
LET ME BE THE
MAKE MY HEART JUMP!
THE AIR IN THE
STREET IS EXACTLY
WHAT I NEED!



I JUST HOPE SHE CAN HOLD OUT
AT THE FANNING FACTORY FOR A FEW
MORE WEEKS, SO WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH
TO START A NEW LIFE!



AS BUT THE, SHE'S A BEAUTY
FINDS THE GIRL I'VE
WANTED FOR SO LONG
THE GIRL I'VE
WANTED FOR SO LONG
THE GIRL I'VE
WANTED FOR SO LONG



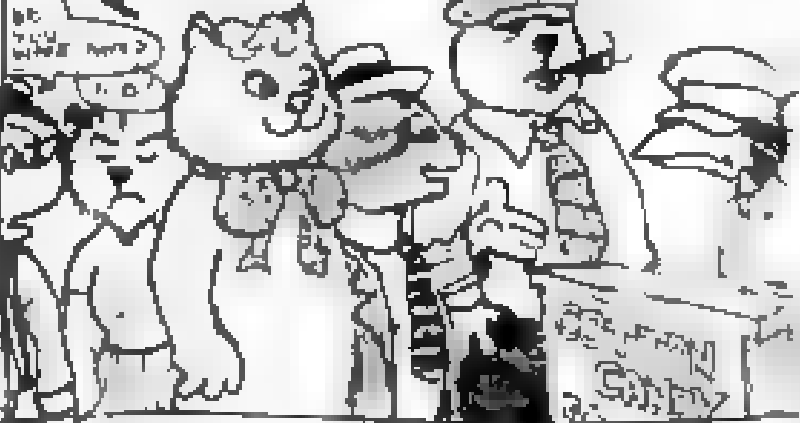


ANIMAL TOWN COMICS — CONTINUED

WELL WELL! WHAT A LOVELY DAY
IT IS FOR PROMENADING THE BOARDWALK,
ISN'T IT SWEET? WE MUST DO THIS MORE
OFTEN!!
JUST WHAT I WAS GOING TO
SUGGEST, FATE!



WH! A REQUEST OF THAT DELIGHTFUL
INVENTION COTTON CANDY! WOULD YOU CARE
FOR SOME MY BEAR?
WELL, ALRIGHT



TWO COTTON CANDIES! GIVE ME A COTTON CANDY
WILL YA?



THANK YOU, M' BOY
HEY!



ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR ME!
...OHAM!



I WOULD HAVE GUN



IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, YOU CANDE PIG!



SO YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR A FIGHT
TOD LADY... CIMON... THE FIGHT!

YEEK!

OH HO!



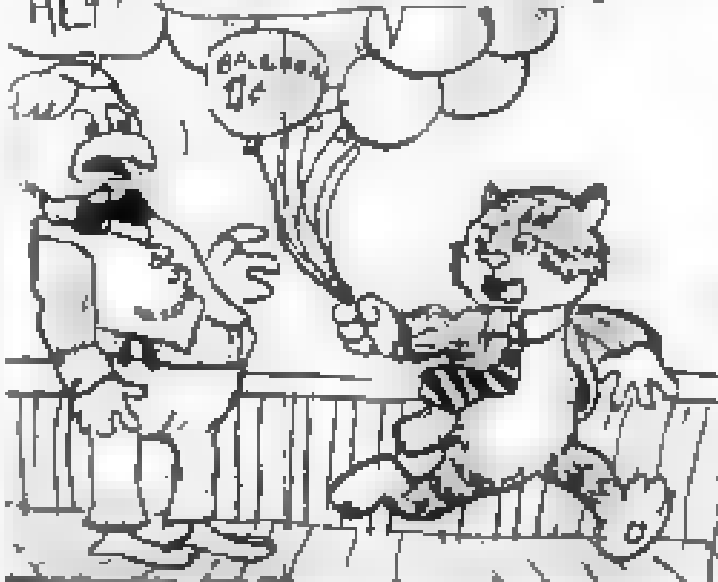
IT'S ON A LADY! THAT'S THE
ONE THING THAT AROUSES IN ME AN
OVERPOWERING INFURIATION!



WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON.



PERMIT ME BORROW THESE
BALLOONS TO FLY AWAY

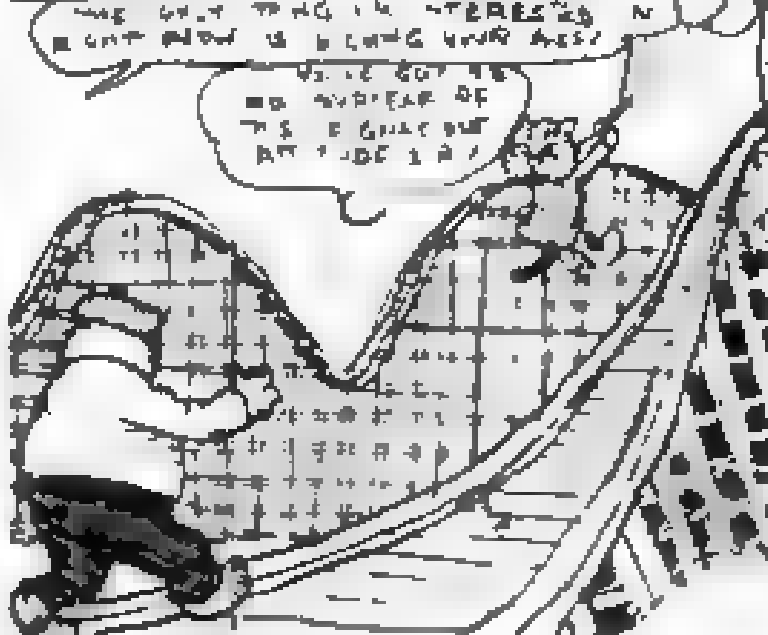


STOP THAT GUY!

COME BACK
WITH MY
BALLOONS!



WOOO!
HAPPY
HEAVEN IS
A BEGGIN
NOW HEE



{ IT'D BE JUST YOUR LUCK FOR A ROVER
COASTER TO COME ALONG ABOUT NOW }



{ AS A MATTER OF FACT, SAY ONE OF
THOSE VERY ES ADDITIONAL UP
TRACK AT THIS VERY MOMENT }



CLACKETY
CLACK
CLACKETY
CLACK
CLACK

YAAH!

OH, NOW THAT WAS AN
YH-JUDGED ACTION, SPURRED
BY A MOMENT OF PAUSE AND
WHICH CAN ONLY RESULT IN
GREAT TRAVEL!

MY AFFECTION SYMPATHIES GO WITH
TO THE GROUND, DEAR SIR, AND MY
REPLY TO THE FACTS ARE
OBTAINED AT ALL

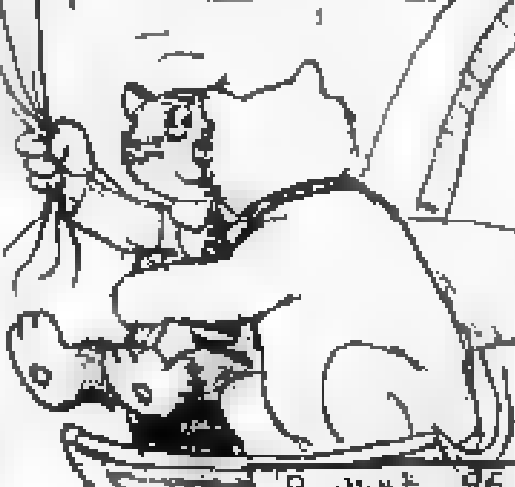
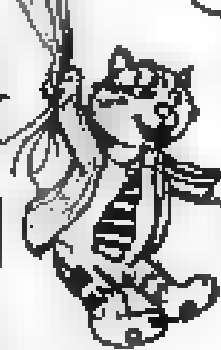
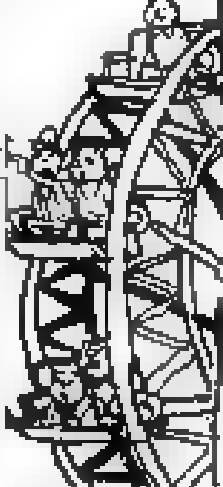


AFIM THESE RIDICULOUS
BALLOONS ARE WAFTING ME
TOWARDS THE FEARFUL WHEEL.
PERHAPS I CAN GRAB HOLD OF IT

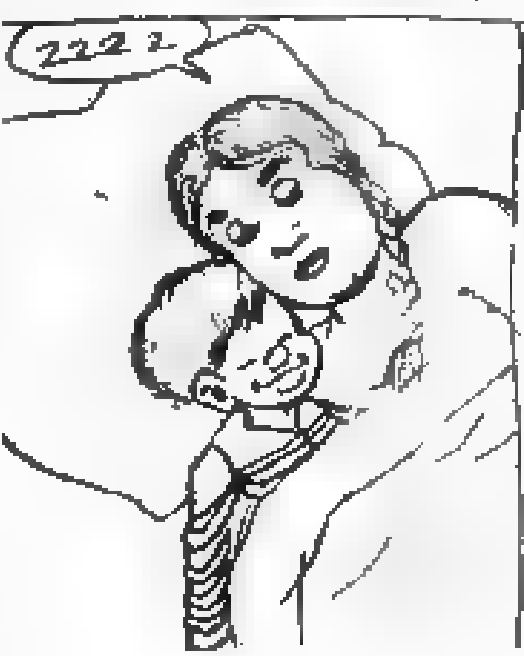
WHY, BLESS ME, WHAT
GOOD FORTUNE IS THIS! MAE,
MY DEAR TAKE MY HAND

NO NEED WORRY MY LOVELY,
I AM OF COURSE DELIVERED TO
THE SECURITY OF YOUR FORTHING
ARMS

ER TZ! WAS WORRIED
ABOUT YOU



10 JUNE 1961



1 JUNE 1965

A SAD COMIC STRIP

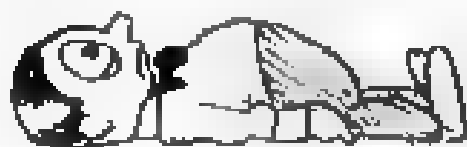


ST. PATRICK'S DAY 1962
R CRUMB

SHOULD I LAY HERE OR
SHOULD I GET UP?



MY LIFE IS WITHOUT MEANING
ALL IS CHAOS AND CONFUSION
I MIGHT AS WELL LAY HERE TILL
I ROT.



I AM
COMPLETELY CONFUSED.. I
UTTERLY DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO..



THERE SURELY ISN'T ANY SENSE
IN GETTING UP, SINCE I HAVE NO PURPOSE,
NO GOAL, NO REASON FOR DOING
ANYTHING..



WHAT'S THE USE IN GETTING UP
AND TRYING TO DO ANYTHING? IT'S
ALL SO FUTILE.. WHY STRUGGLE? WHY
FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL? IT'S ALL FOR
NOTHING..



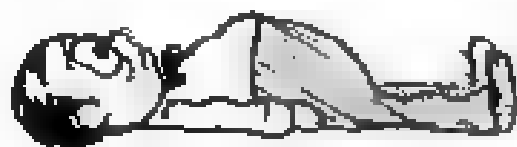
.. MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE FOR NOTHING
IF THERE WAS SOMETHING TO BELIEVE
IN... SOMETHING OF JOY AND LOVE..



.. BUT THERE ISN'T... NOT FOR
ME, ANYWAY... FOR ME THERE IS NOT
THING. I'VE TRIED IN VAIN, STRUGGLED
AND STRIVED FOR YEARS AND YEARS
TO GET LOVE, AND PEACE, AND UNDER-
STANDING..



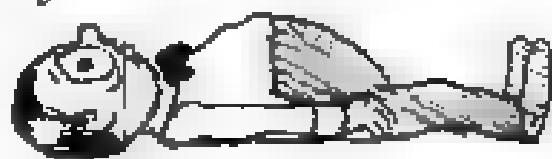
ALL I EVER GOT FOR ALL THE EFFORT
WAS FRUSTRATION, HEART-ACHE,
DESPAIR, CONFUSION... ALL MY DREAMS
HAVE BEEN SHATTERED... LIFE HAS LET
ME DOWN.



.. SO WHY GO ON? WHY GO ON
FEELING FRUSTRATED AND LONELY
AND DEPRESSED... I MUST COME TO
ACCEPT MY LOT...



I MUST ACCEPT DEFEAT... I MUST
GIVE MYSELF UP TO EMPTINESS, BLANK-
NESS... A LIFE WITHOUT CARING, WITH-
OUT STRIVING... A LIFE WITHOUT LIFE...
... A STATE OF VEGETATION..



.. SO I'LL LAY HERE TILL MY
HEART STOPS BEATING AND LIFE
GOES OUT OF ME... TILL DEATH AND
OBLIVION OVERTAKE ME.



OBLIVION!



COMPLETE EXTINCTION.
THE END OF EXISTENCE... THE
END OF LIFE!



THIS SHORT SPAN OF LIFE
THAT I HAVE... SHALL COME TO AN
UTTER STOP. IT SHALL BE NO MORE!



GOOD GRIEF... IT'S
APPALLING... FRIGHTENING! I... I
SUDDENLY FEEL A NEED TO DO
SOMETHING! TO USE THAT SHORT
SPAN OF LIFE... TO GET SOMETHING
OUT OF IT..



I MUST LIVE! I MUST
USE ALL MY SENSES TO THE
FULLEST WHILE THERE'S STILL
TIME... WHY AM I LAYING HERE
WASTING PRECIOUS MINUTES..



I'VE GOT TO FEEL THIS
LIFE THAT'S IN ME... I'VE GOT TO
USE IT TO BEST ADVANTAGE WHILE
I HAVE IT!... GOT TO LIVE / LIVE!



OH! LIFE! I HAVE IT... IT'S MINE... OH! THE SUN! LOOK AT IT... THE BEAUTIFUL, WARM, LIFE-GIVING SUN!



OH! LOOK! LOOK! THE GRASS! HOW GREEN, AND MOIST AND SOFT! THE TREES! LOOK AT THE TREES! HOW NOBLE AND GRAND!



OH! WONDERFUL JOY... BEAUTIFUL EMOTION... LIFE! IT IS TO BE LOVED! OH! THE CLOUDS... THEY'RE WONDEROUS!



FLOWERS! OH JOY! MY EYES ARE FILLED WITH THEIR WONDERFUL, HAPPY COLORS!



AHH... THE AIR! IT IS SO SWEET AND COOL! OH, THIS BODY IS A WONDEROUS THING! WHAT IT CAN DO... HOW GREAT IT IS! NOW FULL OF LIFE!



OH! WONDER OF WONDERS! A CHILD... A DEAR, SWEET INNOCENT LITTLE ONE...



HOW FREE AND HAPPY IT IS!
HOW NEW IS IT'S LIFE! AH,...
A SIGHT TO BEHOLD!



OH LIFE! HOW FULL OF
MIRACLES! HOW FULL OF THINGS
TO SEE AND FEEL! HOW EXCIT-
ING IT ALL IS...



OH! WHAT NEXT? AH! A
YOUNG GIRL! OH JOY OF MY HEART..
A FRESH, BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL!
OH! I LOVE HER TILL I COULD
BURST!



OH! YOUNG GIRL! YOU ARE
HERE TO LOVE! TO KISS!



CRACK!



...SIGH... COMPLETELY CONFUSED...
FOREVER LOST YES. I WILL LAY
HERE TILL OBUVION COMES AND
TAKES ME..



THE END

—continued from front flap

But none of the others had the commitment, or obsession, of Charles and Robert, and their "Animal Town Comics Club" soon lapsed.

As the end of his high-school days approached, the thought of finding his own place in the world puzzled and frightened Robert. "I'm not quite sure about my own future; I'm even a little baffled. There are so many indefinite things. . . . Like the future of the cartoon industry, what the public will like, what I can do best myself. . . . All this makes the future seem rather hazy. . . . Which is best? Comic strips? Magazines? Not comic books, unless there's a great reawakening! . . . Possibly the animation field. . . . H m m m . . . Yik!"

He even began doubting the medium of comics itself: ". . . Yes, I'm trying to put into my work the everyday human realities. . . . It's an extremely difficult thing to do in the comic strip medium. . . . There are so many delicate little things that, when I try to express them in comic strip form, come out awkward. . . . A lot of things, it seems, can only be gotten across when you write them down, explain them with words. . . . Charles and I have had a few debates as to whether you can express reality to its fullest in the comic strip. . . . He says it can't be done, I say I'm going to try it. . . . So far, I haven't really gotten at stark reality, the bottom of life (as I see it) in my work. . . . I might end up giving it up and going over to writing alone, if it doesn't seem to be doing any good to try to do it in comic strips. But then, who knows, I might succeed?!"

*—from the introduction
by Marty Puhls*



R. Crumb, 1959

The Complete Crumb Comics: The Early Years of Bitter Struggle is the first in a multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series will include his earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his sketchbooks, underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.



"... I'm trying to put into my work the everyday human realities. It's an extremely difficult thing to do in the comic-strip medium. There are so many delicate little things that, when I try to express them in comic strip form, come out awkward: . . . [My brother] Charles and I have had a few debates as to whether you can express reality to its fullest in the comic-strip. He says it can't be done. I say I'm going to try. . . So far, I haven't really gotten at stark reality, the bottom of life (as I see it) in my work. . . I might end up giving it up and going over to writing alone, if it doesn't seem to be doing any good to try to do it in comic strips. But then, who knows. I might succeed!!"

ROBERT CRUMB
from a letter to Marty Puhls
November 5, 1961

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